'TIS POLITICLY DONE

(2 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 1)

Reid in the Austin (Texas) American

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TROTSKY—"AND THEY TALK ABOUT ME!"

From Johanna L. Runge, Austin, Texas

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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THE DISGUISE UNCOVERED!

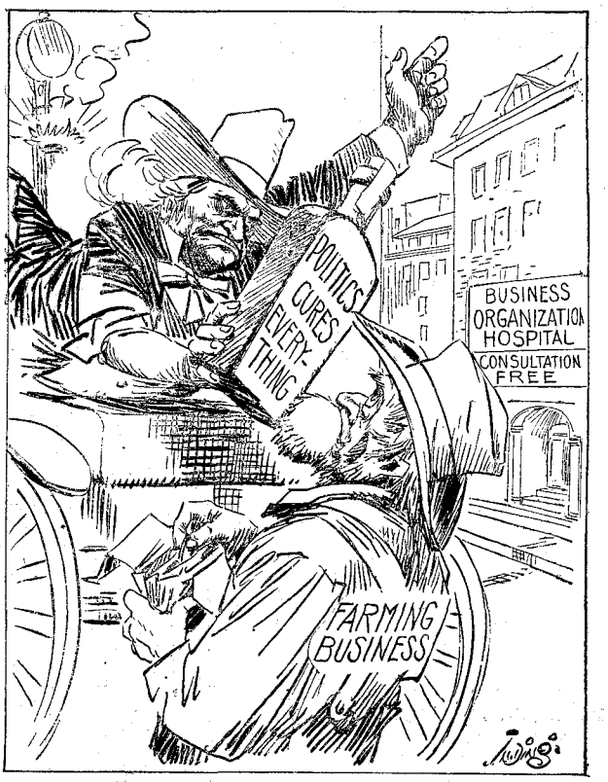
From Dora Albert, New York City

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

MAKING UP FOR THE NEW ACT

From Anne S. Dissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Darling in the Philadelphia North American



MILLIONS OF BOTTLES SOLD, BUT WHERE ARE THE CURES?

From C. S. Evans, Woodstown, N. J.

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the score and have one to spare. Babe Ruth has played a remarkable game all the year, even though he did not tie his record for home runs. His comeback, after the only too obvious evidence that he was "slipping," has been recognized everywhere as a victory of character and has been one of the most noteworthy and worth-while events of the baseball year.

Those who followed the World's Series have little doubt why baseball is the game popular above all others in America.

TEACHING HONESTY

THE report of the National Honesty Bureau to the effect that three billion dollars are taken from the American people every year through theft and treachery seems to justify the attempt of this new organization to present definite, regular courses for teaching honesty in the schools. "Inside" thefts, that is, embezzlements by trusted employees, have multiplied six times, and "outside" thefts more than twelve times, in the last ten years, the report states.

In the past, honesty instruction has been left largely to chance and has formed only a "dim, implicit background in the schools." The National Honesty Bureau, founded by William B. Joyce, of the National Surety Company of New York, with the co-operation of educators and other business men, is an experiment worth watching. Under the direction of Dr. William Byron Forbush, an "honesty book" has been prepared and distributed to teachers throughout the country. By means of stories, pictures, recitations, plays, and other educational devices the book emphasizes for children the desirability of being honest.

A programme for home and community co-operation is included. It is planned to study carefully the motives for dishonesty and to stress the practical value of honest living. The notion that it is clever to "get by" with some dishonest action has been found the basis for much juvenile misdemeanor. The National Honesty Bureau, with its backing of practical business men, will combat this current idea by showing that a code of strict integrity is demanded in modern business, that upon this ideal of honesty financial credit and positions of responsibility are founded. The appeal to patriotism, to the heroic, to pride in clean scholarship, and similar themes, is emphasized in the plan of instruction. It has long been realized that the teaching of theft is often an easy matter. With skilled and organized effort behind it, this movement to teach honesty should meet with appreciable success.

FIGHTING IT OUT IN COMMITTEE

IN Oklahoma the foolish talk of bullets and martial law has passed, and the battles now fought are in legislative committees and in the newspapers. This is as it should be. The place to try out the issues between the Klan, the Governor, and the great body of people who care more for good government and peace than they do for either Klan or Government, is the Legislature and the courts.

The early sessions of the State Legislature were not pleasing to the Governor. There was much more interest shown in the proposal to impeach Governor Walton than there was in restricting the activities of the Klan. An attempt to disqualify members of the Klan who were also members of the Legislature in any vote for impeachment proceedings was promptly tabled. A programme of impeachment procedure is being formed as we write. Meanwhile, the Klan itself has publicly indicated its willingness to aid legislation forbidding the use of mask and hood and gown in public and restricting the use solely to meetings in the society's halls and in licensed parades. This is excellent so far as it goes, but it should be remembered that if an association plans secretly to "regulate" the community and carries out its behests by unmasked mobs the evil effect is practically the same as before. The Governor is right in demanding that perpetrators of mob violence should be severely prosecuted and punished and that the State should have lists of at least all officers of organizations.

That the Klan has not died out, as some observers claim, is indicated by the announcement that "the biggest Klan demonstration ever staged" was lately called for October 24 at Dallas, Texas, during the Texas State Fair, and that it was expected that perhaps 150,000 masked and hooded Klan members might parade.

PINCHOT PUTS PROHIBITION UP TO THE PRESIDENT

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Governor of Pennsylvania, has spoken right out in meeting again on the question of enforcing the Prohibition Law. The occasion of his remarks was the Citizenship Conference at Washington, and here are some of the things which he said:

> Two facts stand out in the confused and troubled enforcement situation of to-day. One is the steadily increasing determination of decent people to have the law enforced. The other is the steadily increasing violation of the law by the criminal elements. The former was to be expected. The reason for the latter is not far to seek.
>
> The Eighteenth Amendment has been betrayed in the house of its friends. Measured by the respect accorded it, it has failed, and the reason is that no sincere, intelligent, and concerted Nation-wide effort has ever been made to enforce it.

He gave a history of the part which politics had played in the appointment of Federal prohibition directors in his own State:

> Under the Federal Government our first and second prohibition directors in Pennsylvania were Democrats selected for political reasons. To spread the mantle of charity over them, it may be said that they went out of office without having advanced the cause they were supposed to champion.
>
> The third director was the notorious McConnell, a politician known to be opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment when he was appointed. McConnell's appointment, which was a scandal in itself, was promptly followed by the release on alleged fraudulent permits of many hundreds of thousands of gallons of whisky, and a little later by his own indictment and that of a number of his assistants for such release.
>
> McConnell's performance was precisely what must have been looked for by any one who knew him. It is difficult not to believe that what he did was expected and intended by the power to which his appointment was due. After McConnell the next director made a record which offers no chance for praise. The next was of a wholly different character, but was removed when his work had scarcely begun.

Governor Pinchot gave high praise to the present director, William G. Murdock, who "is the first," he said, "in the history of enforcement in Pennsylvania to whom the State may look for real results. Major Murdock and Mr. Sams, one of his colleagues in the enforcement work in eastern Pennsylvania (I do not know the enforcement officer in western Pennsylvania, of whom I hear excellent reports), have given convincing evidence of their desire to use every power at their command in compelling respect for the Constitution and laws of the United States." Later in his speech he added: "I wish to pay my hearty tribute of gratitude and respect to the Federal Department of

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ustice for its efforts for law enforcement made in Pennsylvania and for he admirable and untiring co-operation the State administration has received from that Federal Department."

The troubles of the Pennsylvania 'ederal enforcement officers he ummed up in the following words:

> Unfortunately, they are handicapped because the most elementary principles of good business management have been disregarded in the organization of the Government enforcement work. I refer, for example, to the unwise division of authority, to the fact that both of them are compelled to do their work through agents, of whose history and connections they have no knowledge and in whose selection they have no voice, and under rules and regulations framed at Washington, which often fail wholly to meet local conditions.

Newspapers headlined the story of 'inchot's speech as an attack on 'resident Coolidge. It may be ground or an attack later on if the President loesn't live up to the expectations of hose who are laboring to make the 'ountry dry. When Governor Pinchot ays, "The President alone, in my pinion, can meet the present emergency," it seems that there is no reason why the President and the Governor should not find themselves in earty accord. Very shortly there will be a conference called at the White House to consider this very problem. After this conference there should be no doubt as to the President's position. He has been in office but two months and a half. It is a ittle soon to expect him to solve all he problems of political influence and ostility which have done so much to handicap the Federal enforcement of he Volstead Act.

AND STILL THEY COME

DESPITE the mechanical restrictive limitations placed on American mmigration, the figures for the fiscal ear 1922–23 show how strongly the aw of supply and demand continues o govern the flow of aliens into Amerca. The total immigrant movement as 673,406, of which 522,919 were in he "immigrant alien" classification, hile the total outward flow was only 00,586, making the net increase in lien population 472,820. This net ncrease has been exceeded only five imes since outgoing figures have been athered by the Government—that is o say, since 1907.

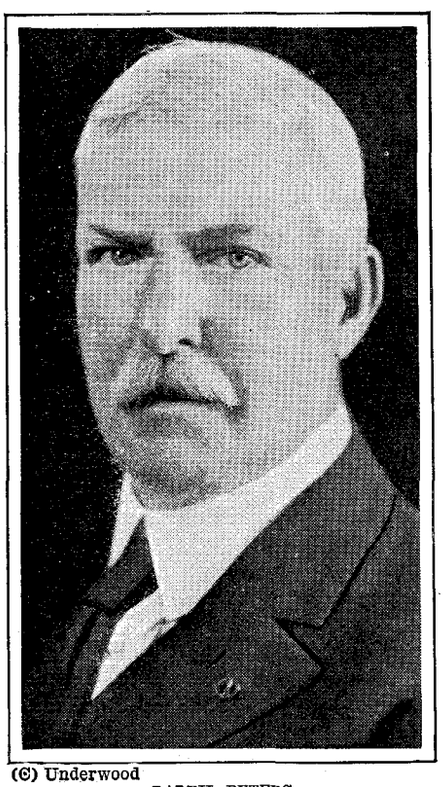
The notable net increases in population were: Negroes, 8,784; Cubans, ,167; English, 48,808; French, 32,495; German, 67,548; Mexican, 72,087; Scandinavians, 35,071; Scotch, 39,289. The Irish and the peasant peoples of Central and Southern Europe in totals were far below those of pre-war years. The influx of Africans, Mexicans, and Cubans indicates the races that are taking the places of the unskilled workers from those regions.

There is no difficulty in naming the causes of the relatively large percentage of arrivals from Germany and northwestern Europe, particularly Scotland and England. Unemployment is high in Great Britain and the demand good in the United States. Living conditions in Germany for the middle class are most unsatisfactory.

As further reflecting the effect of the law of supply and demand, the occupations of the aliens who came is interesting. The number of professional men was fifty per cent higher than in 1922, the chief gains being among electricians (four times as many) and engineers (more than twice as many). This further shows the effect of European economic conditions on the middle class. The number classed as skilled workers was more than one-sixth of the total and twice as many as were admitted in 1922, the figures being 106,213 and 51,588 respectively. The chief gains in the skilled classes were in blacksmiths, carpenters and joiners, engineers, iron and steel workers, and various structural workers. Of farm laborers, 25,905 were admitted, as compared with 10,529 in 1922, and only 943 left the country, whereas 2,690 returned to their homes in 1922. As for unskilled laborers, 83,552 were admitted as compared with 32,726 last year, and only 32,912 left as compared with 100,058 in 1922.

One-sixth of the immigrants came over the Canadian border, and the number of those who returned from the United States was less than one-sixth of this number. More than 75,000 Mexicans entered, while less than 3,000 had returned across the Rio Grande up to July 1.

So far as racial regulation is concerned, the quota law is fulfilling the intentions of those who framed it. The utilization of Mexican, Cuban, and African unskilled labor in place of that from Central and Southern Europe indicates the possibility of importing labor on a temporary basis such as is done in European countries and was done by us during the war. Every week finds public opinion growing in favor of some form of examination of prospective immigrants in their home countries. The dangerous monthly steamship races in New York Harbor and the economic hardships involved have awakened the entire country to the necessity for modifying the operation of the quota law.



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RALPH PETERS

A RAILWAY MAN AND HIS COMMUNITY

RALPH PETERS, who died in Brooklyn on October 10, was for eighteen years President and General Manager of the Long Island Railway. He was an excellent example of the type of railway man that recognizes the common interest of the railway with the people it serves. They must prosper together or starve together. When the Pennsylvania system took over the Long Island road, Mr. Peters, as a result of long railway experience in various capacities, set deliberately to work to improve Long Island as a place in which to live and in order that the railway itself might prosper. For instance, he did all he could to encourage and promote market gardening and to knit closer the living and traveling relations between the island towns and villages and the metropolis. If we are rightly informed, it was largely due to Mr. Peters that proof was gained that what had been considered great stretches of barren sand and tough scrub oak were capable of bearing good crops. Thereupon the truck-farm industry grew marvelously.

More than this merely physical im-

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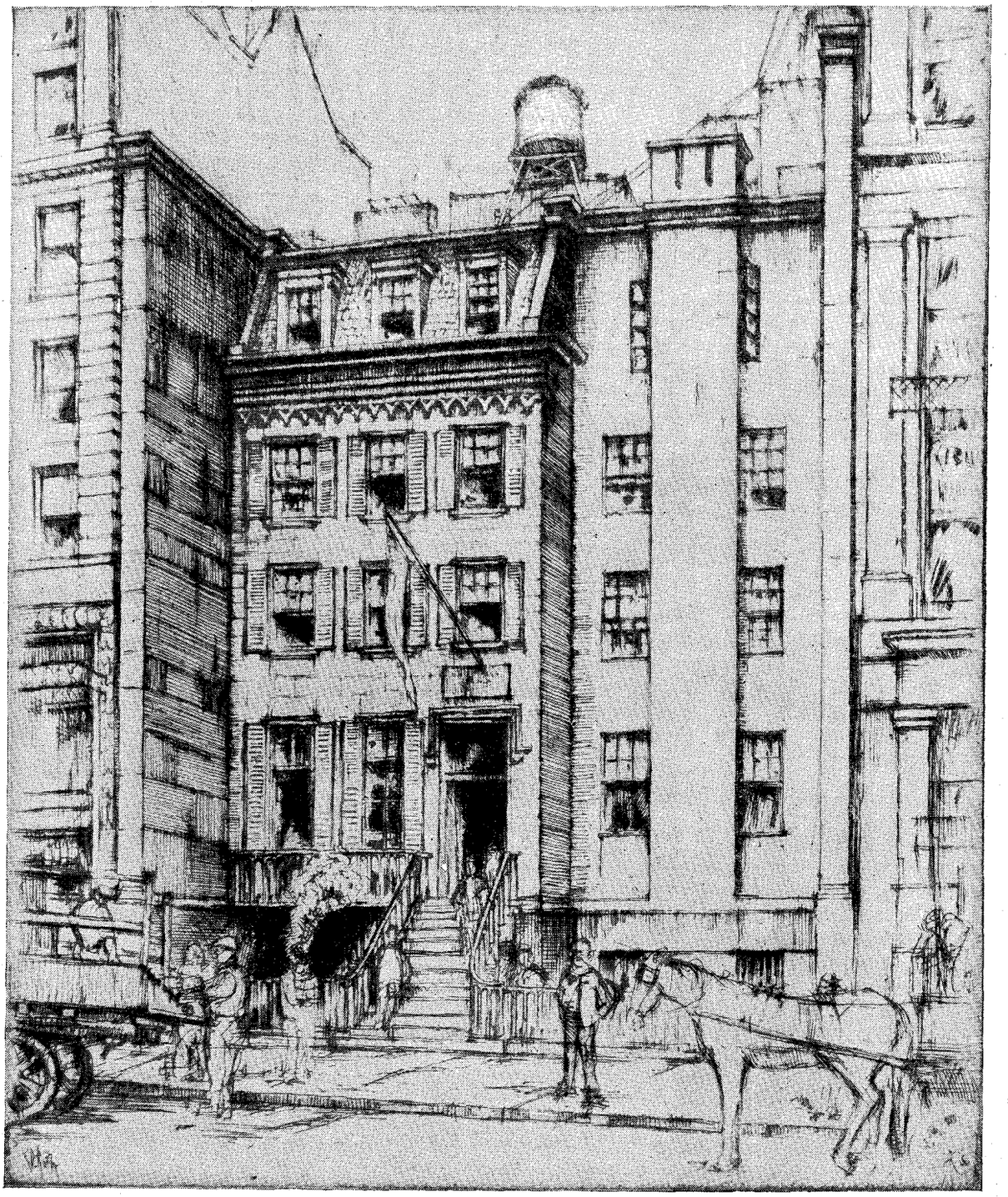

From an Etching by Ernest Roth. Courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHPLACE, TO BE DEDICATED OCTOBER 27 AS ROOSEVELT HOUSE

provement was initiated or advanced by this far-seeing railway man. He was active in all sorts of civic, social, and educational enterprises and was urgent in the effort to secure a steamship line with Montauk Point as its western port. In the war time he made a fine record of speed and efficiency in moving troops and supplies and in other ways.

A railway president ought to be the most practically efficient and valuable citizen of the community in which he lives. Ralph Peters recognized that good business and good citizenship had not conflicting but common claims upon his attention. The Long Island Railroad is certainly capable of further improvement, but its late chief put it on the right line of progress. During his rule the road multiplied its number of passengers carried yearly by five and its freight tonnage by four, electrified its principal lines, and eliminated many grade crossings. As the Brooklyn "Eagle" remarks: "Mr. Peters was not only interested in building up the facilities of the road, but he was instrumental in building up the business of the island to the point where it would maintain a bigger and better railroad."

THE POETS AND THE UNIVERSITIES

THE announcement that Walter de la Mare has been appointed lecturer on poetry at Liverpool University, and the announcement that Robert Bridges, poet laureate of England, has been invited to fill the creative arts fellowship at the University of Michigan next year, suggest a growing appreciation on the part of the universities for the work of the poet and the inspiration of the poet's personality. It is not a new thing, to be sure. One recalls that Thomas Gray occupied a chair at Cambridge with-

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out the obligation of delivering lectures. But the modern revival of an old precedent is of interest, following as it does a period of more or less academic indifference to poetic achievement. And so far as American universities are concerned, the creative fellowship idea is a distinct innovation. Such poets as Lowell and Longfellow, who were also professors, may have enjoyed some preference on account of their achievements in literature, but their classroom duties were not lessened to favor their creative activities. Neither did such appointments reflect the direct recognition of poetic output, as does the appointment of Mr. de la Mare. The terms of the Michigan fellowship are:

> Simply to pay to the incumbent of the fellowship a salary which will allow him to live without worrying over means of subsistence, to provide working facilities, to relieve him of all academic duties, and simply to allow him to work at the production of his own pictures, poems, or whatever may be.

This fellowship, started in 1921, was held for two years by Robert Frost, the New England poet, who now goes to Amherst. A similar non-teaching fellowship is held by Percy MacKaye at Miami University, in Ohio. All of these appointments indicate a tendency to recognize and aid creative work and to emphasize the cultural and inspirational benefits of an accomplished scholar working with or among undergraduate students.

HATS OFF TO HER LADYSHIP!

LOOKING at her as she stands in the fresh grass by a brookside, placid, fawn-eyed, unpretentious, one would never suspect that she has saved the lives of 12,000,000 children. She is the best friend that war-worn Europe found in the world. She relieved the suffering of to-day; she saved the men and women of to-morrow. Without her, the slow wasting of war's aftermath would have spread a more terrible devastation in 1940 than the red carnage of the battle-front ever brought in the frenzied years of conflict. She overcame the enemies that walk in the wake of war—famine, and pestilence, and children dwarfed and imbecile. She is the American dairy cow. She stands in the stanchions of the United States, 23,000,000 strong. Every two dairy cows in the United States, on the average, have saved one child's life in Europe in addition to doing their duty at home.

Herbert Hoover paid the cow this tribute when, the other day, he addressed the World's Dairy Congress in session in Washington: "The feeding of these masses of undernourished children demonstrated from the outset," he said, "that there was no substitute for milk and that, while a wide range of alternatives existed among other foodstuffs, this commodity was essential for their restoration to health and strength. It could well be said that the saving of these millions of children was accomplished only by virtue of the strength of the American dairy industry."

That ought to settle the age-old argument as to which of the domestic animals is man's best servant. Much poetry, eulogy, and fine sentiment have been written around the horse and the dog. The cow has been comparatively little on the printed page and hardly at all in the history of wars. Hers is not the heroic rôle of the soldier's mount, of the police dog among the tangled wires, not even of the braying mule in a pack-train moving through the mud. She is one of those who, when fifes scream and battle flags fly, stay behind and do a homely duty. Yet without her the world were lost.

ROOSEVELT HOUSE

ON October 27 the doors of Roosevelt House, built by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, will be formally opened. The projecting portion of the building, shown in the accompanying illustration, is, in its exterior and on its first and second floors, an exact replica of the house in which Theodore Roosevelt was born in 1858. It will contain much of the furnishings of the original house which occupied the same site. The rest of the building will be devoted to the exhibition of the Roosevelt memorabilia collected by the Roosevelt Memorial Association and to the executive offices of that and the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association. The former has already gathered together an amazing collection of letters, pamphlets, cartoons, and newspaper and magazine files which ought to be of inestimable value to future historians. Of more dramatic interest, however, is the collection of Elkhorn ranch relics, which include Roosevelt's rifle, his shotgun, his Colt revolver, his round-up hat, his "chaps," his compass, his drinking cup, and his spectacles. There is also the organ which Roosevelt bought for the use of the wives of his ranch partners. It is not difficult to prophesy that Roosevelt House will become a mecca for pilgrims from all over the country.

FORD, BILLIONAIRE REVOLUTIONARY

ACCORDING to the Standard Dictionary, one definition of "revolution" is: "An extensive or radical and usually somewhat sudden change in anything, as in governmental, social, or other conditions, relations, or methods, or the means or movement by which it is accomplished." It is not necessary, therefore, to advocate the overthrow of a government or political system in order to be a revolutionary. Any one who advocates and tries to bring about an extensive and radical change in social or industrial conditions is properly termed a revolutionary. In that sense one of the foremost revolutionaries of the world is the man who is reputed to be the richest man in the world—Henry Ford.

When a revolutionary has such command of power as Henry Ford has, it is only common sense to try to understand him. Either to support him or to combat him without understanding him and his purposes is folly. To attribute to him purposes which he does not have serves no good end. Supporters who do so fool themselves. Opponents who do so beat the air.

As everybody in America knows, or should know, Henry Ford wants Muscle Shoals. Why?

People opposed to Mr. Ford's political activities do not all see him alike. Some of those who think his political ideas dangerous do not mistrust his statements of his purposes. In seeking to purchase from the United States Government the enormous water power of Muscle Shoals, on the Tennessee River, as developed by the Government during the war, including the great dam, two air-fixing nitrate plants, and quarries, and also incidentally a steam plant ninety miles away, built to supply power till the dam is completed, Mr. Ford announced his purpose as that of producing fertilizer by fixation of nitrates from the air and of providing power for the use of the farming communities in the region round about.

In his attempt to secure this great water power he has met powerful opposition.

One reason for the opposition is that responsible men in Congress and in the executive departments believe that the Government should receive a guaranty that the power will be used for the avowed purposes. This is a legitimate reason which Mr. Ford should recognize. No man with any

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sense of loyalty to a trust could permit this enormous property to pass out of the hands of his wards, the public, except under conditions insuring its use for public purposes—or under conditions certain to bring public profit.

Another reason for opposition is the belief that the terms under which Mr. Ford would take Muscle Shoals would not be in accord with sound public policy. Under those terms Mr. Ford would obtain a lease for one hundred years. To say that no such lease should be granted is not to distrust Mr. Ford, for Mr. Ford is not going to live for one hundred years. It is not even to distrust Mr. Ford's associates, for his associates are not going to live one hundred years. It simply means that no one to-day has any right to bind the Government of to-day by a contract with people of a future and totally different age. The making of such contracts for the possession of natural resources is a policy which has been rightly abandoned and should not be renewed.

Opposition, however, has angered Mr. Ford. He has ascribed to his opponents unworthy motives and purposes. In his statement issued on October 11 he has said that the opposition of the Secretary of War, Mr. Weeks, was for the purpose of injuring him and that he was convinced that the negotiations between him and Mr. Weeks were really negotiations between him and some other parties representing not the Government but private interests. Indeed, he says that water power and fertilizer interests control the situation. In return, the idea is given out at Washington, though not officially, that Mr. Ford's objects are not to serve the farmer with cheap fertilizer, and local industries with cheap power, and the Government with access to nitrates for ammunition in time of war, but to get electric power for himself and to further his own Presidential ambitions.

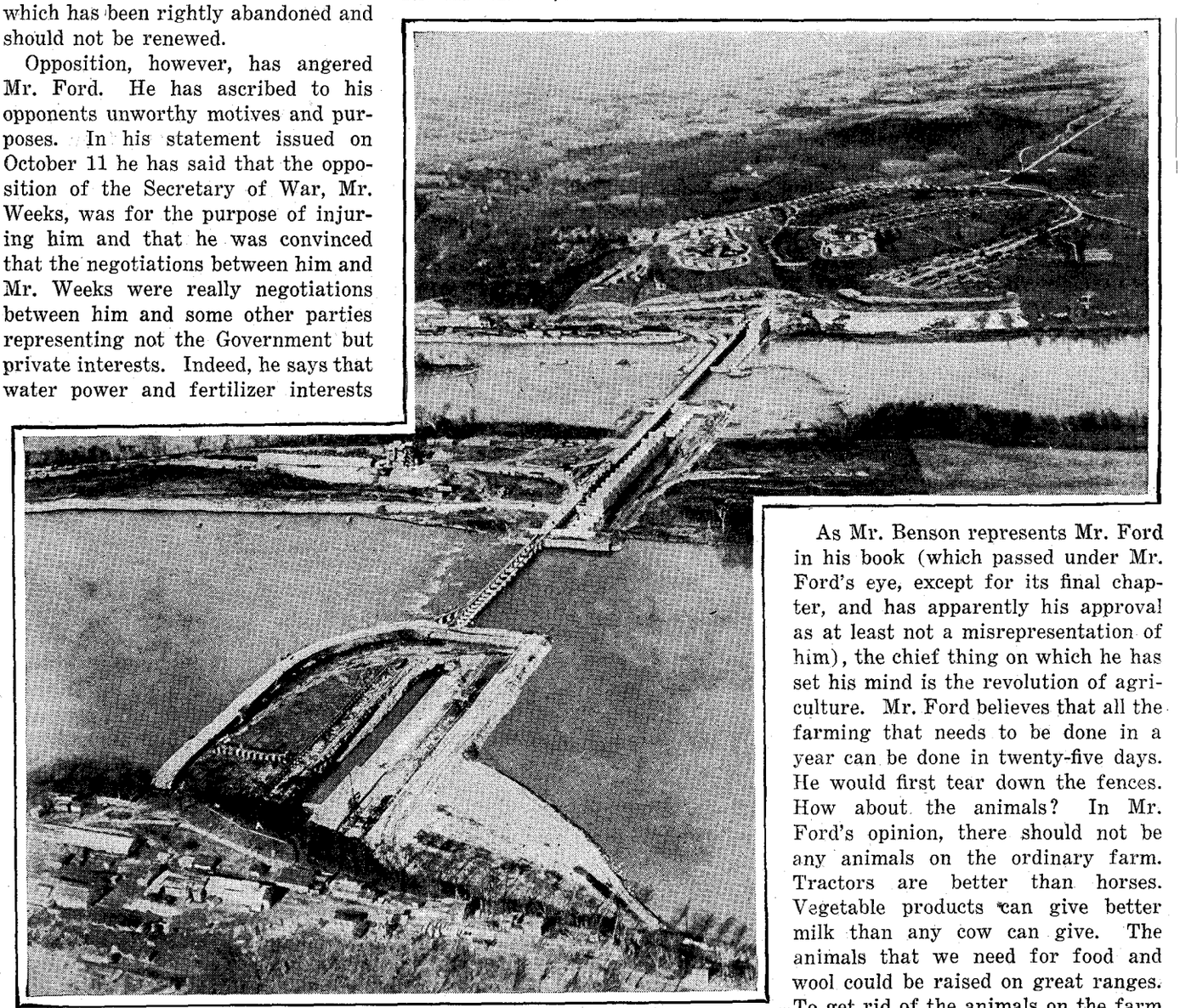
It is unfortunate that in America questions of great public policy cannot be discussed without danger of diverting the discussion into personal recriminations. The issue at stake in the Muscle Shoals controversy ought to remain a public issue.

In order to understand that public issue it is necessary to understand Mr. Ford's avowed purpose.

Briefly, Mr. Ford is bent on doing all he can to abolish human waste. In his book "The New Henry Ford," [1] Allan L. Benson, once candidate of the Socialist party for the Presidency, but now not even a member of it, thus characterizes Mr. Ford and gives the key to his public actions:

> Mr. Ford sees the world in great disorder, and his passion of passions is to set it right.
>
> A river that is rolling its way to the sea without working is to Mr. Ford a river in disorder, and he longs to put it in order by making it work. He is positively pained at the spectacle of enough water power going to waste to "run the United States," as he expresses it, including heating, cooking, and lighting. He feels as might a good housewife if she were to see a neighbor wasting food, gas, and coal while her hungry children were shivering in the darkness.
>
> Mr. Ford believes there should always be work and a good living for everybody who wants to work. That there is not work for everybody is proof to his mind that something is the matter—that the world is in disorder. He would put the world to rights by harnessing its natural forces and cutting off its parasites.

[1] The New Henry Ford. By Allan L. Benson. Illustrated. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and London. $2.



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WHAT MR. FORD HANKERS AFTER—SHOULD HE HAVE IT?—MUSCLE SHOALS

As Mr. Benson represents Mr. Ford in his book (which passed under Mr. Ford's eye, except for its final chapter, and has apparently his approval as at least not a misrepresentation of him), the chief thing on which he has set his mind is the revolution of agriculture. Mr. Ford believes that all the farming that needs to be done in a year can be done in twenty-five days. He would first tear down the fences. How about the animals? In Mr. Ford's opinion, there should not be any animals on the ordinary farm. Tractors are better than horses. Vegetable products can give better milk than any cow can give. The animals that we need for food and wool could be raised on great ranges. To get rid of the animals on the farm is not merely to substitute what, in

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Mr. Ford's opinion, is efficient machinery for inefficient; it is to release men and women from drudgery. This is how Mr. Ford puts it:

> The day is nearly past when farmers will be the slaves of their animals. Just think what this slavery means to the farmer and his wife. It is almost impossible for either of them to leave home for more than a few hours. The farmer must get up early in the morning, feed his stock, and milk the cows. His wife must take care of the milk and make butter. At night the stock must be fed again and the cows must be milked again—and again the farmer's wife must take care of the milk. All through the winter, horses—that will not do a day's work on the farm until the next spring—must be fed, and when the horses go to work they plow less land for a dollar's worth of feed than a tractor will plow for a dollar's worth of gasoline.

Men released from slavery to animals could do their farm work in twenty-five days of the year, according to Mr. Ford—and he was raised on a farm and has done farm work himself—and then could spend their time in village industries. As to this Mr. Ford says:

> Some of the finest workmanship in our cars is performed in little shops that we have established on water-power sites in villages around Detroit—shops in which only one thing is made and made well. Every village should have such industries. It is to the interest of manufacturers as well as to farmers that there should be such village industries. Waste water power can often be utilized, and that decreases the cost of production. Lots of little things can be manufactured in country towns better than in cities.

There will be, according to Mr. Ford, farming corporations in which one may buy shares of stock. Farmers will be recruited from the city and will apply manufacturing methods to farm life. Fertilizers will not come from animals but will be obtained from the air. Fertilizers, however, are not so greatly needed as supposed, for land can be kept enriched by deep plowing and subsoiling. Water power can be used when available. Engines in the future will use as fuel, not gasoline, but alcohol, which can be made from almost anything that grows.

It is this vision of the future that Mr. Ford has as he seeks to get rid of waste and to use the resources that are about us.

Would it be really a better world in which to live? Would the farmer of the future be happier without his animals about him? Would people from the farms be happier to work at village industries, engaged in repetitive tasks? Is it sound public policy to turn all our streams into power for turning more machines? Is the water that runs without turning a wheel necessarily going to waste? Is it so important to make all these changes that we must run the risk involved in turning over great power to one man, however benevolent his intentions? These are the questions and others like them that we should be discussing instead of one another's motives.

Really, the question presented by Muscle Shoals is that which is always involved when enthusiasm aroused by a vision meets caution schooled in experience.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS

AMONG the plethora of special days and weeks which make the calendar just one reminder after another there is at least one which deserves hearty celebration. It is Navy Day. The war brought to many Americans, as it brought to Samuel Gompers, a realization of the place of the Navy in the scheme of our National life. Mr. Gompers recently wrote a letter to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, in which he said:

> I really felt during my life that wars were unnecessary, that there could be some way to eliminate them. But nations are like individuals. There are times when a nation must defend her people and her institutions.
>
> It is the American hope, in which I share, that the American Navy shall be the envoy and messenger of peace not only of our own country but of the world, and, in any eventuality, defend the lives and the heritage of our citizenship.

During the Harding Administration the United States took the lead in a movement to lessen the burden of naval armament and to promote the peaceful purpose of the Nation's Navy. It was a dramatic and great achievement to secure the co-operation of the leading Powers in arriving at an international limitation upon the number of capital ships. But the value of that achievement will be lost unless the United States keeps up to the full its quota of power under the international agreement. It will be as unfortunate for the United States and the world for us to fall below the agreed power as it would be for us willfully to exceed it. We cannot play our rightful part in any future move for reduction or readjustment of naval power unless we maintain the strength to which we are entitled.

According to the evidence of the Navy League, we are below our strength in scout cruisers and long-range submarines, but Americans should remember that it is not only necessary to have the ships, but it is also necessary to maintain them according to the highest standards of naval efficiency. It is not even enough to have the individual ships kept fully manned and properly captained. The Navy must be provided with full opportunity to act in fleet formation, for without adequate fleet practice the power of a navy is largely lost. The number and type of vessels in a navy may be taken as an indication of its potential power, but its actual power is determined by the manner in which these separate units are molded into a fleet.

MISCHIEF MAKING

COMING to America, from England, as a Zionist without hope, Israel Zangwill last week was understood to advise American Jews to vote as Jews.

What he said, according to a detailed report in the New York "Times," was:

> If there is no Jewish vote to-day it is a disgrace, not a policy to be commended. If Jews will neither use their vote to protect themselves nor to express their ethical conceptions, then they do but cumber the ground.

In saying that Israel Zangwill unwittingly did all that he could to transfer to America the spirit of anti-Semitism that has cursed Europe.

If the advice attributed to Israel Zangwill were to be followed, it would do more than anything else, except similar advice to other racial or religious groups, to justify the existence, if not the methods, of the Ku Klux Klan.

Strangely enough, the protest which Israel Zangwill drew from his audience of Jews was not against this remark, but against his announcement of Zionism as dead.

Whether Zionism is dead or not is not a vital concern to any one who is really American, be he Jew or Gentile. If a Jew owes allegiance to any other nation, whether it be the land of his birth or the land of his dreams, he is no true American and has no business to vote in America.

Whatever mischief follows from what Israel Zangwill has said will unfortunately be felt chiefly among those of his own faith.

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SOLOMON

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

UNDER the sun, groaned Solomon,
There is no new thing, no, not one.
Nothing by man or God devised
Holds any wonder, unsurmised;
And in no throat of woman or bird
Sleeps any note man hath not heard.
New things are but old things reborn;
There is one wisdom, which is scorn.

Solomon, you had too many wives,
Whose little hands held little knives
That softly on your splendor crept
And stabbed your vision as you slept.
Solomon, in too many eyes
You sought the elusive, beautiful prize.
Only the steadfast and the true
Find that which is forever new.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH CRISIS

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

EVERY summer Vichy, famous for its waters, attracts men of many nations. After the French, the most in evidence here are the English. Discussion on the Anglo-French crisis between these two in this place of detachment seems to the point. I condense some that has come my way.

GERMAN DISMEMBERMENT

For instance, the English say to the French: "We have been jolly well bled. A million of our laborers are out of work. A million of our shopkeepers have lost their good old Teuton customer. If you French were not so keen to dismember Germany, our people would have more work and more trade.

"You want to cut up Germany so as the better to dominate her. Bavaria would again relapse into a kingdom. Saxony would become Bolshevist prey. Prussia would be fought over by monarchists and by Communists. Finally —and this is your real aim—the Rhineland would become an autonomous or separate state. What you are really after is not so much your reparations—you want to rule Europe just as much as did Germany."

The French. "*Messieurs les Anglais,* your accusation is unjust and untrue. If we wanted to dismember Germany, we would not have taken the incompatible steps we have to take to get payments. Last winter the Germans themselves were frank enough to admit the separatist tendencies in the Rhineland, in Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia. But our entrance into the Ruhr naturally united all those separate states into one resistant mass. If we had had any imperialist aim, we should ourselves, by our own action, have frustrated it. But we had not and have not. As a matter of fact, the charge that France is either imperialistic or militaristic is too absurd to merit attention."

LEGALITY OF OCCUPATION

The English. "Well, let us suppose, then, that France is neither. But do you really believe that the Versailles Treaty sanctions your Ruhr occupation? Many of us do not. We do not think that it authorizes action by one or two governments as distinguished from Allied action in common. Nor do we even think that the sort of action authorized contemplates the occupation of German territory. Our Government has at last officially taken that position."

The French. "Yes, and to our amazement. The Treaty of Versailles says that in case of voluntary default by Germany the Allies may apply economic and financial reprisals and such other measures as the respective Governments may determine. Note the word *respective*, gentlemen. In 1920 you acted on it, just as France and Belgium are acting to-day, when you, alone, took a measure favorable to the Germans by returning their property, and when Mr. Austen Chamberlain defended your separate action by quoting this clause of the Treaty.

"Next, as to your claim that the sort of action authorized does not contemplate the occupation of German territory, pray note that Premier Lloyd George signed the Spa protocol, declaring that, in default of German deliveries of coal, the Allies would occupy the Ruhr or other German territory. The next year the Allied Supreme Council, Mr. Lloyd George being its President, made a similar statement. When, last January, we went in, your Premier, Mr. Bonar Law, could not ask his Government to join ours because he doubted the expediency of the move; yet he evidently did not question its legality, for he wished us success. Thus your present Government's doubt certainly contradicts your previous official acts and utterances. But what is the use of entering upon the discussions? If you were serious in your doubt, you would have proposed it long before when we entered the Ruhr; is it not so?"

BRITISH TRADE

The English. "Well, let that pass too. Suppose you are legally justified. That does not lessen the force of the fact that you are treating Germany like an enemy instead of being kind to her. You are actually strangling the most highly developed area of her industrial life.

"Yes, yes, we know, we both start from the same base; that is, we both want Germany to pay to the limit. But how can she restore her finances, how can she pay, if her economic life is not free? You French and Belgians are forcibly interfering with that life. You are limiting the German power to pay. You may even destroy it. That is what you are doing by occupying the Ruhr.

"In the next place, you are defeating yourselves. You are getting much less coal and coke from Germany than you did a year ago. Your exchange is now 83 francs to the pound; before the occupation it was 60; you have thus reduced your capacity to pay by just so much.

"In the third place, you are upsetting general trade.

"In the fourth, and particularly, you are upsetting ours."

The French. "Sirs, the Ruhr has not been the cause of these things.

"As to your men out of work, a year ago, when we were *not* in the Ruhr you had many more workless than you have to-day. Why, even your anti Ruhr Prime Minister confesses that the cause of your unemployment was not primarily due to the occupation.

"As to your traders, the figures both of your exportations and importations since the occupation began surpass the figures for the corresponding months of 1922. In especial, your exportations to Germany have grown greatly.

"As to being 'kind' to Germany, we do not want or expect to be unjust. But to be just we must not take an unintelligent view of the situation—is it not so?—and we must be firm. Should you, we ask you, any more than we, forget that Germany has refused to carry out the vital clauses of the Treaty of Versailles signed by her, that she has declined to deliver up the war culprits, that she has deliberately made her Government bankrupt

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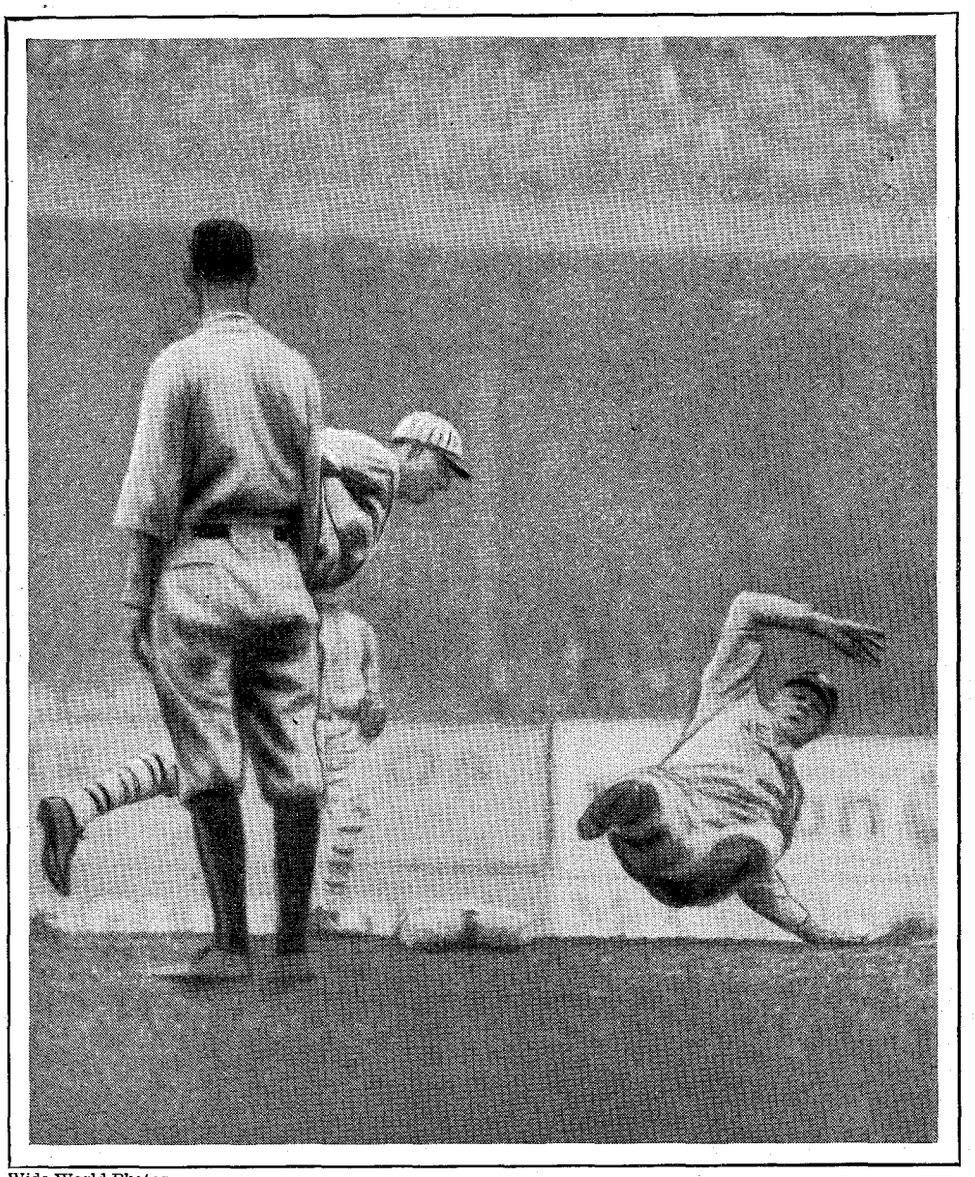
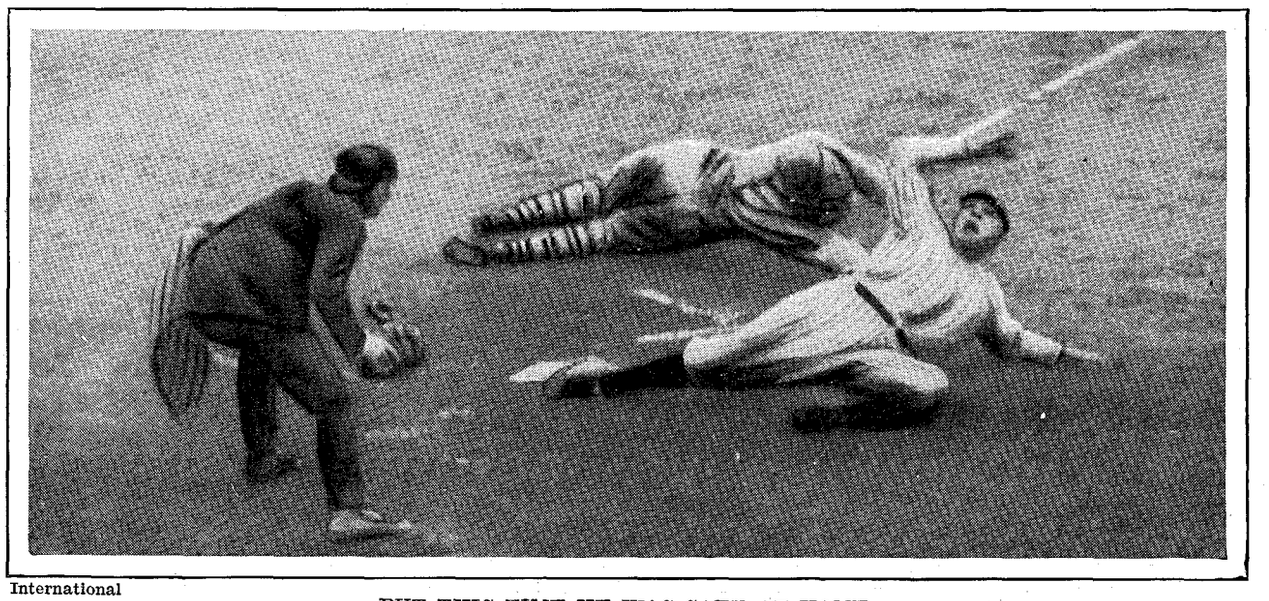
BEAT THE GIANTS



Wide World Photos

THE GREAT BABE RUTH GETS CAUGHT OFF BASE



International

BUT THIS TIME HE WAS SAFE AT HOME

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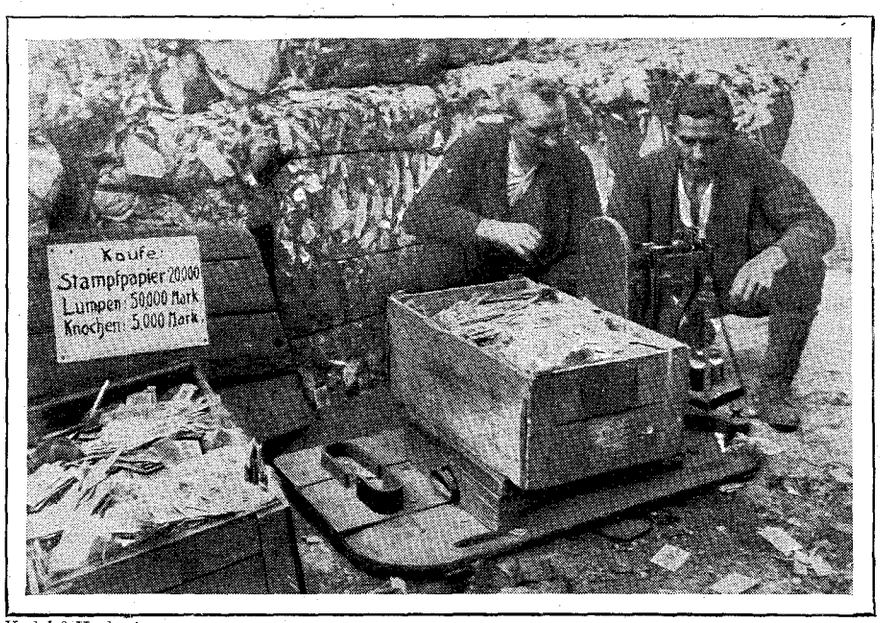
PARAGRAPHS FROM A POLITICIAN'S EUROPEAN NOTE-BOOK

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
PROFESSOR IN LAW AND POLITICAL SCIENCE AT HAMILTON COLLEGE

GETTING Potatoes into the Ruhr. There are millions of industrial workers in the occupied Ruhr region, most of whom are likely to continue in some form of peaceful resistance, secret or open, no matter what the Government may say, unless they are driven to starvation. And with the increase of hunger no one can prophesy what they may do. There has been danger, as winter draws on, that the tide of revolt and despair may rise in the Ruhr. Of course the intolerable situation of the population is one of the chief causes of the downfall of passive resistance. The fundamental food of the German worker is potatoes. To these he adds rye bread and some fats. Potatoes are a rather poor crop this year. And the question is, how, and under what conditions of helpfulness or opposition on the part of the French, can sufficient potatoes be gotten into the Ruhr between the time of the potato harvests and the time when frosts come and potatoes can no longer be transported? In ordinary times, I am told, it requires quick and effective organization. Just now the means of communication, the automobiles, the railways, the motor lorries, are in such use by the French army of occupation that there is some doubt whether it is going to be possible this year to get to the millions of workers in the Ruhr anything like an adequate potato supply. Hunger breeds revolt, and revolt violence, which may spread to other parts of Germany in spite of the great desire of Germans generally to avoid it. They know that violence is not wise even from a tactical standpoint at the present time.



Kadel & Herbert

THE GERMAN MARK WORTH MORE AS WASTE PAPER THAN AS CASH

The photograph shows junk dealers weighing out marks for the paper-makers. A hundred thousand one-mark notes weigh exactly a hundredweight, which at the time the picture was made was worth a million marks as waste paper for pulping

The Voice of Hunger.

The conflict between French needs and German needs in the occupied regions is indicated by the story told me by an American friend who was passing in August along the street in a certain quarter of Mainz. He saw around a common center a large crowd of haggard-looking women who were wailing and wringing their hands. He asked a passer-by about it and the man said, "Come back here a bit out of sight and I will tell you. *Das ist die Stimme des Hungers!* (That is the cry of hunger!). Those women have come after the day's ration of potatoes and there are none." My American friend found that the city had printed and emitted a volume of currency, at a time when no national currency was available, to buy potatoes for the destitute families of Mainz, and the French had confiscated the money for payments that they themselves had to make in that region.

The question will have to be raised pretty soon not as to whether Germany should be made to pay, because she ought to pay to the last dollar of her possibility, but whether the practical drift of the present method of trying to make Germany pay is not resulting in a disintegrated, broken, undernourished, and palsied nation which cannot pay at all.

Who Is to Blame for the Falling Mark?

Of course the money inflation began after the German revolution of 1918, just as it does after every revolution. It is the only way the new Government has of paying its debts—by starting the printing presses. Order and organized taxation are not yet established. And there was a special reason for money inflation in Germany. Four and one-half millions of soldiers came home from the war and had to be put to work to avoid trouble. The country had lost perhaps twenty billions of wealth in trying to fight the world. There was little domestic capital to be obtained to start the factories, and none could be procured from abroad. It had to be done through the extension of the national credit to industry—and into this went great early installments of marks.

Then, of course, there was no adequate taxation. The German Government had no stomach for reparations, and the people of property behind the Government had no desire whatever to pay taxes to pay reparations. So, while the body of the German people are not escaping taxation by any means, the course of economic events has made it harder and harder for them to pay anything adequate to the crisis, and the class in Germany who could pay and who should pay heavily have in one way or another gotten out from under the burden. Wealth has not only been concealed but has taken flight to other lands.

I heard from a reliable source of a company of men in Germany who owned a controlling interest in a business in the Argentine. They brought together in a room in Berlin all the securities representing their interest in that business. They put the title to the business in the name of a trusted Argentinian, and then burned all the existing securities in the fireplace Then the Argentinian returned to his country and new securities were issued there. I suppose the accumulating dividends await in the Argentine happier days for their German owners, if

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the Argentinian stays honest. The dividends would appear at the present moment to be reasonably safe from invasion by the German tax-gatherer.

Stinnes.

Hugo Stinnes is the type of unpatriotic industrialist—a rather repulsive-looking man of mystery, member of the Reichstag, a capitalist of great enterprise, speculating in the fall of the mark, buying vast new properties and paying for them later in depreciated currency, thus getting them practically for nothing. There is a feeling in Germany, as everywhere else, that he has been more interested in that sort of thing than in the welfare of his country. Is he the chief ruler of Germany, the power behind the throne? It is probably a mistake to think so. He would like to be the chief ruler. He would set up a business man's government, very efficient and well organized, but he himself acknowledges that he has tried to do this and that it simply will not work. The Communists make much of his relation to the Conservative party in power. When Cuno took his place on the Reichstag rostrum to make a defense of his policy—"Superintendent of the Stinnes Republic!" the Communists shouted at him. But this is probably a great exaggeration. The new Chancellor, Stresemann, is himself a business lawyer, the corporation counsel of the German-American Economic Union, an organization to promote trade with the United States. But my information is that Stresemann has been a check on Stinnes within the Conservative party, and is not enamored of the Stinnes programme of unpatriotic exploitation, and understands full well that the widely differing population elements in Germany are not likely to stand unitedly behind a pure business man's government, unless there are other peculiarly human elements of strength in it also.

Is the Fall of the Mark a German Trick?

It could hardly have been a general conspiracy. In times of money inflation there are great classes of people within any country who suffer while others profit. Owners of bonds who would be paid in depreciated currency, multitudes of the middle class who have lost their all, banks stuffed with the Government trillions—there are enough of all these to put up a protest if any general plot were on foot.

Conditions surrounding Germany appear to have made increasing call for marks. Up to August, 1922, there was some attempt made to pay reparations. More recently the costs of the French occupation have been partially paid. This had to be done in foreign exchange, on a gold basis. The supply of foreign exchange was small, as Germans had greatly decreased credits abroad. This exchange had to be bought at a very high price in marks. Besides this, a considerable percentage of food and much raw material had to be imported and paid for, and the supply of German credits abroad had greatly lessened, while the demand for such credit was great. Also a relatively weak Government, not overanxious to balance its budget with a reparations retribution staring it in the face, fell behind constantly and had to borrow from the Deutschebank, issuing in return greater quantities of its own promises to pay. Less and less confidence in the value of the mark, greater and greater use for it.

And finally inflation grew by what it fed on, as it always does. By and by the municipalities issued currency for their needs, and great business enterprises were permitted to issue it for their needs, and at last the Stresemann Government announced that a new and sounder basis entirely would be adopted, if possible. And this announcement seems to have increased with great rapidity the tempo of the financial dance of death.

The Likelihood of Communism in Germany.

The danger signals are hung out, very much as they were in Russia. I am told that Communist representatives from Russia who are watching Germany closely in Berlin believe this to be the case. And of course the foundation is clearly being laid for such a movement in the economic facts which appear to any observer. But, strangely enough, I am told also that the Communist leaders from Russia advise against any such movement—at least at the present time. The Russian leaders are more moderate than they were. They have learned what can and what cannot be done. They have been obliged to modify their own programme. They want time themselves to establish what success they have achieved. They need commercial convalescence. They have trade agreements with Germany for the favorable exchange of commodities, and revolution would upset these arrangements and injure the recovery of Russia. They believe also, I am reliably informed, that a Communist upheaval in Germany would be the excuse and the signal for the advance of the French farther into Germany and into eastern Europe, would probably set the Polish armed allies of France in motion, and might bring the armies of Russia into a conflict which they are not wishing for now. The time is not ripe, they say. And their views are said to be listened to seriously by the Communist leaders of Germany. Furthermore, I suppose, the naturally orderly temper of the German people as a whole shrinks from the Communist method of progress.

But it must be confessed that one hears a great deal of talk about it. The man on the street refers to it casually—"If revolution comes—." Many are afraid of it. Many are ready for it. Communism has been growing rapidly as an influence in some parts of Germany, in proportion as the middle class has lost all and multitudes of wage-earners have become hungry and wretched.

If the present system works out, they say, so that the industrialists are to absorb the power and profit of Germany, or even if this power and profit are to be absorbed by agreement between the French and German industrialists, there is nothing left for us but revolution and the dividing up of what remains, so as to give the people of Germany a new start.

There is one thing that it seems to me is settled—there will never be a return to reactionary monarchism. Of course it is conceivable that Germany, like England or Italy, might some day have the form of monarchy without the substance, but there is very little sign at present even of that, outside of Bavaria. If Communism comes, one would expect to see Bavaria separated from the rest of Germany, and perhaps become the center of a counter-Fascisti movement that might issue into a fierce civil war. Bavaria has the popular temper and the leaders for such a conflict. Adolph Hitler has already battered the heads of all the radicals and driven most of them out of Bavaria.

There is one more installment of

Senator Davenport's Note-Book

awaiting publication

From time to time we will publish articles from the pen of our European Editorial Correspondent

Elbert F. Baldwin

which will carry on the story of

Europe's Great Transition Period

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JOHNNY'S DWINDLING HERITAGE

BY R. V. REYNOLDS

DID you ever know a man who couldn't drive a nail? There are such, more's the pity. Your boy and my boy are learning these days—in the schools, mind you—to do such things as sawing, planing, nailing, and the use of sandpaper. Otherwise they might never know how. That kind of lore has vanished out of boydom.

The dentists say that we shall soon be a toothless race, all on account of soft food and other soft snaps that go with advanced civilization. Perhaps the schools will establish courses in dental culture to check the impending dearth of grinders. Johnny and Mabel will sit by the hour and concentrate on the mastication of a double-acting tooth exerciser that some dentist chap will invent. If it has a seductive flavor, we may expect much improvement in the molar equipment of the Class of 1995. Toothful champions who chew as fast as 300 bites per minute will found scholarships for those less proficient and dentate. So shall the race be saved.

But when you come down to brass tacks, is this much more grotesque than Johnny's present plight? The schools and the Boy Scouts are working away, doing their best to make up for certain essential things that are disappearing out of our lives. The course in carpentry supplies the knowledge that capable youngsters used to acquire in the back shed, making things the family needed. Johnny's gymnasium gives him carefully rationed exercise, because he no longer breaks horses or calls the neighbors to help him hoist the ridgepole of a barn into place. Does he walk three miles to the little red schoolhouse? Not he. The family flivver gets the exercise. The old swimmin' hole is made of marble now, and the water is warmed if enough Johnnies shiver a bit.

Can he sketch? No; but he can make perfectly dandy snap-shots if he has a camera, and chemicals, and a dark room. Can he whittle out a racing yacht or a wooden chair? No, it's too much work. All his sporting equipment is bought, not made at home. Needless to say, he can neither ride nor shoot, for horses cost too much (they are too slow for Johnny), and not one boy in a dozen now has the chance to learn how to handle a rifle. As for felling trees, it simply isn't done. The park police would object.

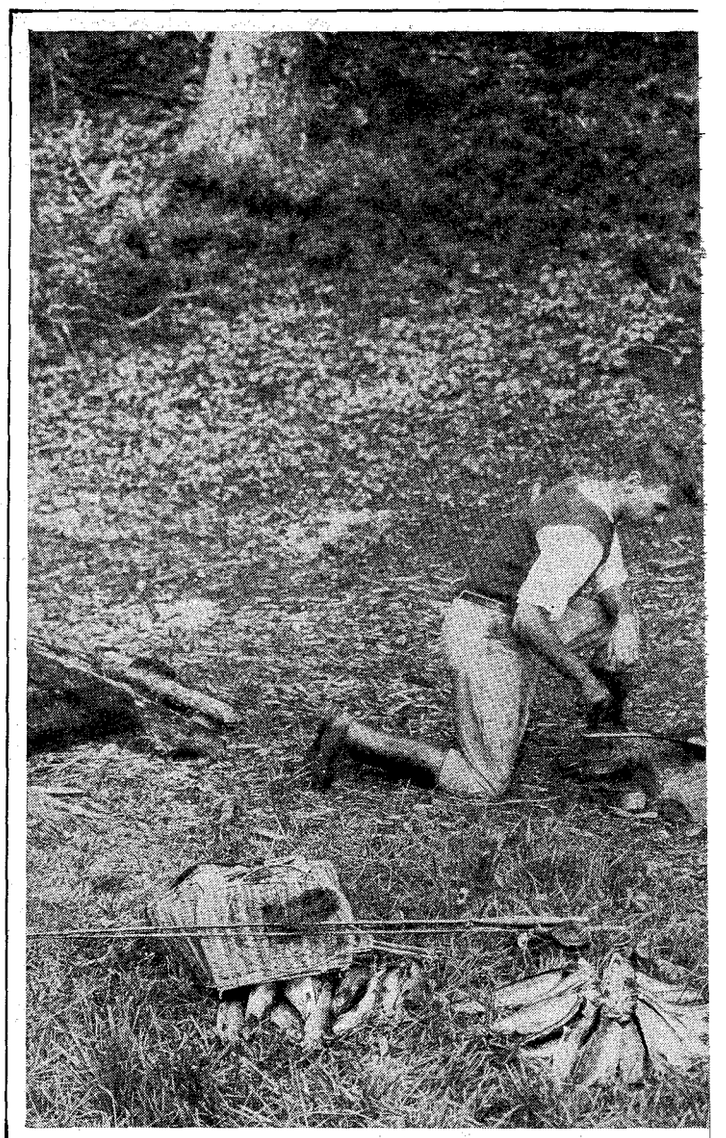
And so most of the things in Johnny's cosmos come to him from the outside. He does not originate, plan, create the things he plays and works with. Somebody else does it for him in a distant factory. If he doesn't exercise his teeth or his creative mind, they are going to atrophy, so the book says. And Johnny's Johnnies are going to be a lot worse off than he, unless the signs fail. They may know more about carbureters than Henry Ford and more about wireless than Marconi, but these things alone do not make the kind of men that made America. Perhaps they even help to unmake them.

Those men were two-fisted chaps, each one able to do anything necessary to keep his stomach full and his skin intact. If they wanted to go somewhere, they caught up and rode a horse, regardless of the horse's plans. For a short trip of a few hundred miles perhaps they didn't bother about the horse—just swing up an eighty-pound pack and away we go down the river trail. And when it came to building things—oh, boy! They could build anything from a house to a batch of biscuit. Moccasins, or a canoe, or snowshoes were merely evening pastime when the day's work was over. They could chew tough meat or handle tough men if necessary. The thing that made their existence possible was the timber. Their main tools were the ax and the rifle. From the trees and the shrubs and the animal life of the forest they drew everything necessary for human sustenance except bread, and that was soon provided.

The struggle with primitive things was no joke. Weaklings succumbed to it. But those who came through were fit to command themselves and others. As the result they commanded a continent.

Men of this kind are becoming legendary. As the forests retreat farther and farther from the haunts of men we begin to see it. You find the type once in a while on the farms or out on the ranches where men still rely upon themselves to do things with their hands. The nearer to Mother Earth and her ways, the simpler, stronger, more self-reliant the man.

Do you remember when Johnny was born how his little hands hooked themselves around your finger? They



Photograph by U. S. Forest Service

A FAMILY HEARTHSTONE IN THE WOODS

This is about all the heritage that is left for even the most favored of Johnnies and Jeans. A camping trip to the woods may be a poor substitute for the school of the woods of which Mr. Reynolds writes, but we ought to sit up nights to think of means for saving and developing the last of Johnny's woodland domain

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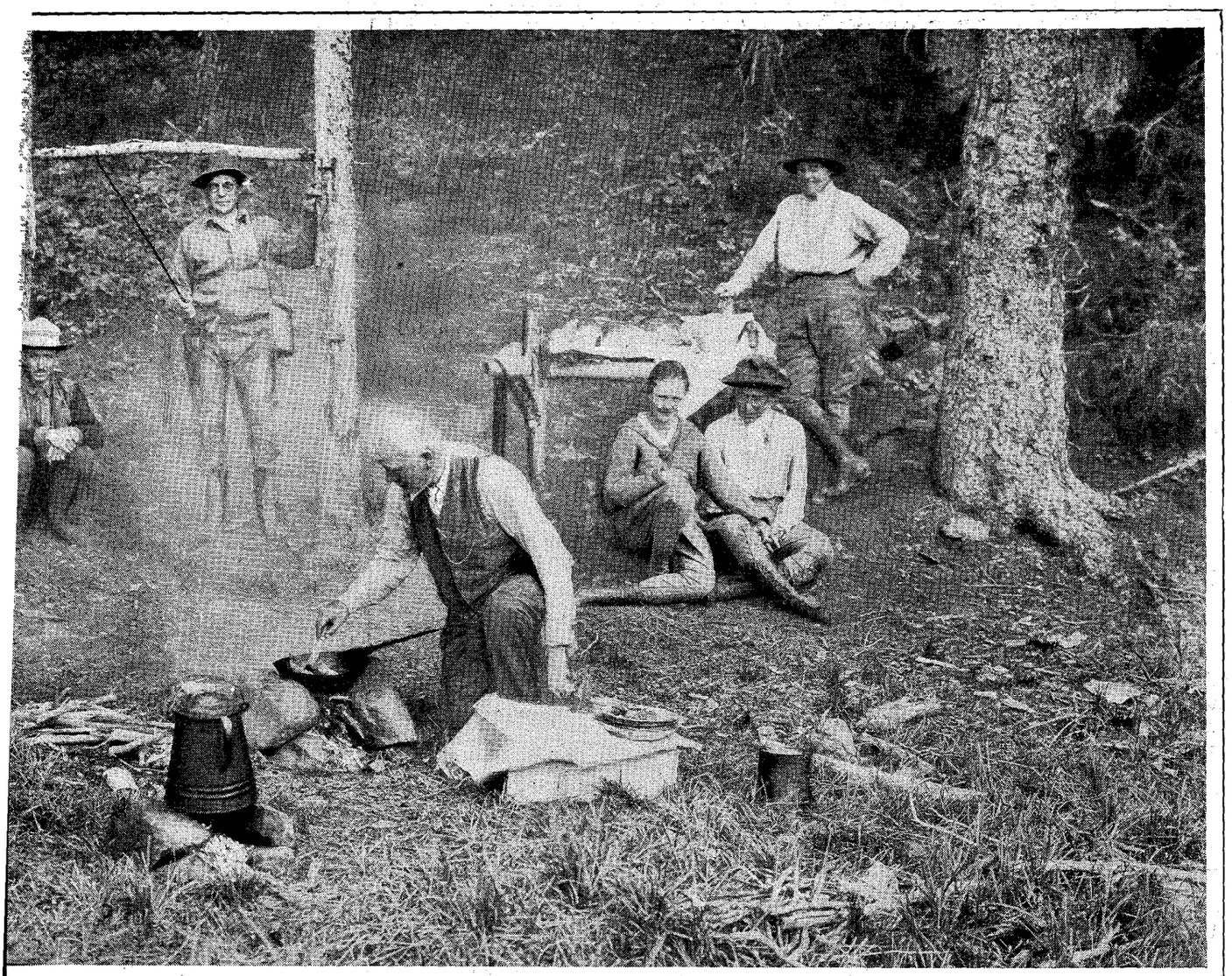

would almost hold his weight. The soles of his feet turned inward, too, just in the right position to walk up the trunk of a tree. Johnny's forebears believed in climbing trees—those who didn't left no descendants. The same kind of atavistic instinct makes his mother loathe snakes—even the harmless kinds of snakes. She just can't help it. If she had always hobnobbed with serpents, after the bad example of Mother Eve, the big tree-climbing snakes would have made an end of her babies. So from the earliest ages of human ancestry the forest trees were the home and the refuge of the race. To the early ancestor the tree was a matter of life and death. It furnished his food, his clothing, his house, a sure refuge from the saber-toothed tiger, the flying reptiles, the woolly rhinoceros, the aurochs.

It is a long step to the yeomen of Conan Doyle's romances, but they too came just as surely from forest stock. The venison pasty or the ham of the wild boar nurtured the brawny arms that drew cloth-yard shafts to the head in England's battle array. Yew and ash and lancewood made the weapons that kept England's enemies at respectful distance. It is no mere chance that men have such names as Ashe and Oake, Wood, Sawyer, Pitman, Archer, Bowman, Fletcher, Forester, Du Bois, Hunter, Arrowsmith, Greenwood, and the like.

In physical prowess the narrow-chested factory worker of modern England would stand a poor chance against the yeoman of an earlier day. About as much, say, as the average white-collar worker of America would stand against a husky northern lumberjack. Nature exacts a fearful price for the privilege of living between brick walls, walking on rock-hard streets, working in narrow, specialized employments, starved of sunlight and air, goaded ever faster by the multiplied contacts born of rapid transit and instant communication. Such surroundings are incompatible with doing things well. Johnny will have so many kinds of things, all of which must be done, that he will never have time to do any one of them perfectly. Already he feels the pressure. In sheer self-defense he declines to make what he can buy, to run where he can ride, to take the patient pains which bring the joy of seeing a good thing created by his hands. Discontent feeds on the lack of the simple satisfactions. The neurotic mind becomes the dwelling-place of stunted, misshapen ideas, both social and political, and when men's worn bodies give way under the ceaseless bombardment of nerve shocks, where do they turn for healing but back to the forest?

It is the heritage of a thousand generations. It is Johnny's heritage, and year by year it is dwindling. Some of Johnny's chances dwindle with it, whether he knows it or not. Tens of thousands of boys the country over never saw a forest-grown tree, and never will see one. Forests are to us what water is to fish—the natural habitat. With the destruction of the forests the Nation loses something more precious than the timber, the bosky shades, the trout-filled streams, and the dappled deer.

It loses a magic environment that breeds men.

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BOXING AND WRESTLING WITH ROOSEVELT IN THE WHITE HOUSE

"THE MOST REMARKABLE INTERVIEW ANY TWO YOUNG MEN EVER HAD WITH A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"

BY ROBERT JOHNSTONE MOONEY

"DICTATE a complete story of that meeting before you leave the office to-night—while it is fresh in your memory. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the most remarkable interview any two young men—or old men, for that matter—ever had with a President of the United States. When Roosevelt is dead, it will form one of the most fascinating and characteristic tales of one of the greatest men who ever occupied the White House."

The speaker was Mr. Donald Nicholson, the late veteran editor of the New York "Tribune," in the absence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid. It was on August 19, 1904. And the writer was then on the editorial staff of the former Greeley paper.

The meeting to which Mr. Nicholson referred took place on the day preceding in Washington. My brother, William McKinley Mooney, now Postmaster of Washington, D. C., and then filling a place of considerable prominence in the Post Office Department, desired a promotion, and had asked my help with the President.

I had never met Colonel Roosevelt, but was acquainted, owing to my newspaper connections, with Mr. William Loeb, Jr., the President's secretary. I therefore wrote him and asked for an appointment. The answer came by telegraph—I shall never forget the date: "The President will see you on August 18th at 11 o'clock."

The campaign of 1904 was then in full swing. Colonel Roosevelt, who on the assassination of McKinley had succeeded to the Presidency, had been nominated in June, and was then in the very midst of the direction of his drive for the Presidency in his own right, and occupied in addition by the manifold and exacting duties of his great office. He was working literally almost day and night. George B. Cortelyou, a former member of the Cabinet, was chairman of the National Committee, and Republican politicians for the most part felt certain of Roosevelt's election. The President, however, was taking no chances, and was daily in conference with hundreds contributing, or hoping to contribute, to his coming victory. Roosevelt was at the zenith of his popularity. Thousands who had doubted his conservatism had been won by his maintenance of McKinley's policies, and the country was excited as in few campaigns. Unwitting, we were at a sharp turn in our history, which the next years were to prove.

The telegram granting the audience was therefore all the more gratifying. On arriving at the capital I immediately consulted Mr. Max von Seckendorff, our Washington correspondent, then an intimate friend of the President, as to the coming interview. "Have your story at your tongue's end," was his advice. "The President is occupied every second of the day, and he likes requests made or advice given in direct staccato fashion and to the point. He has not time for long explanations. You will find a hundred others there on similar missions. You may count it an unusual honor if your meeting lasts ten minutes."

Thus fortified and warned in advance, we proceeded to the White House office. In the long corridor leading to Mr. Loeb's room sat at least fifty, sixty, or perhaps a hundred people, including several native American Indians, all awaiting the summons of the President. Many had the look of despair, others were smiling with hope. Some had papers in their hands—petitions probably for this or for that—and anxious, like ourselves, over the coming ordeal.

PUNCHING A PRESIDENT

DISREGARDING, in newspaper fashion, the long row of applicants who had preceded us, I sent my card directly to Mr. Loeb, who asked us at once into his private office. After the usual words of welcome, he excused himself and entered the President's room. Returning in a few moments, he announced, "The President will receive you shortly," and went back to the Colonel.

My brother and I, naturally, in view of the throngs awaiting a chance to see the Nation's head, thought "shortly" meant at least an hour; and, congratulating ourselves even on that good fortune, took chairs, accommodating ourselves to that impression. To our great surprise, however, the office door swung open almost immediately, and Mr. Loeb beckoned us to the Presence.

We stepped into the room and, instead of a crowd, as we had mentally pictured, we found the President alone.

Rushing toward my brother with both arms extended, he shook his hands heartily and exclaimed, in his most flattering way: "You are the handsomest man in a boxing costume I ever saw in my life. I have been intending to send for you for the last two years or more to ask you how you knocked out von L. I am happy to have this opportunity."

Then, turning quickly to me, he added: "You look husky, too."

"Oh, yes," I replied, in a bantering fashion, recognizing his jovial mood. "I can whip him, Mr. President."

"I don't know about that—I don't know about that," snapped the answer. "I have seen your brother box, but I never saw you box. Gentlemen, just go into the inner room there" (pointing to another door), "and I shall join you in an instant."

In we went to the smaller office, looking out on the White House grounds, with windows flush, or almost flush, with the floor—an architectural feature which had considerable significance to my mind later on.

We had hardly been seated when in ran the President—and ran is the word, for he always moved rapidly. Almost jumping into a chair between us, he brought his strong right down on my thigh forcefully enough to make a black-and-blue mark on an undeveloped limb. And then:

"I am glad indeed to have two strong young Americans call on me."

Arising quickly without further ado, and referring again to my brother's prowess, he commanded: "Stand up here and show me how you punished von L."

We looked at each other in amazement, and our rehearsed story was instantly forgotten.

My brother and the President were on their feet, facing each other as in an arena ring, while I looked on in wonderment as to what was to happen.

To appreciate fully the astonishing sequel it is necessary to explain the President's interest in the battle with von L., with an apology for the biographical note.

A few years preceding the interview my brother, following his arrival in Washington, had joined the Columbia Athletic Club, as he was interested in sports of all kinds and was a genuine athlete. The amateur boxing champion of the District at the time

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was von L., secretary of one of the European Legations. My brother quickly proved to his fellow-members that he was an opponent worthy of any man's steel (or fists), and he was soon favored as an aspirant for coming laurels.

It was customary for the Club at intervals to give private athletic exhibitions to which foreign diplomats, Congressmen, Senators, Supreme Court Justices, and other officials of the Government were bidden as spectators. At one of these Colonel Roosevelt had been a guest.

My brother and the young diplomat were on the programme for a boxing contest.

Before the first round a friend warned my brother that von L., jealous of his growing reputation and skill, had determined to defeat him so thoroughly that he would never wish to dispute the amateur championship.

"Impossible," answered my brother. "We are both gentlemen, and this is only an exhibition for points before a distinguished gathering."

But the warning was only too well founded. The first round proceeded in accordance with exhibition rules; but in the second round von L. apparently forgot the occasion and hurt my brother severely.

That was sufficient provocation and excuse for a sound rejoinder; and in the third round von L. was knocked over the guard ropes and was unconscious for half an hour. On regaining his senses, he surrendered the amateur championship to my brother without further parley, acknowledging that he had deserved his punishment and lost prestige.

"Now," said the President, "show me how you did it."

The two men squared off, and my brother—naturally somewhat embarrassed at the invitation to strike at the head of the Nation—hit the President gently at the point that had settled his former opponent.

"Oh," ejaculated the Colonel, "hit me hard! Don't forget that you and I both box and that we are just boxers now."

Relieved by that suggestion, my brother put considerable force into the blow, sufficient for the President to feel it. The latter's eyes gleamed; he showed his white teeth and his face broke into his winning smile.

"That is the prettiest and most scientific blow I ever saw!" cried the Colonel. "Now you let me see if I can get it."

And with that his right shot out at my brother and touched the spot.

"You have it, indeed, Mr. President."

"No, no, let me try again."

And he did, hitting my brother so hard (he was not resisting or dodging, of course) that he was hurled against a chair and almost down on his back.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" shouted the President as my brother scrambled to his feet. "It is the most effective punch I ever used. It is a beauty! Just wait! Just wait! I shall use it on Garfield to-morrow." And he laughed heartily in anticipation of the coming bout.

Whether he carried out his threat I never learned.

LET 'EM WAIT

THAT, readers will probably admit, was a somewhat lively introduction for two men who had come to seek the promotion of one in the postal service. Yet it was only the beginning.

The Colonel was in the happiest of moods. Forgotten entirely were the affairs of state, the waiting citizens, actions of the House and Senate. He was just a big boy and interested seemingly in nothing save brawn and muscle. Our real mission was far from his thoughts. He wanted relaxation.

Hardly had the two regained their positions when the President proposed that we try our relative strength in various ways, and for the next half-hour or three-quarters we rolled about the office like college boys in a gymnasium. Each of us in turn, with our elbows on the table and grasping hands, endeavored to force the other's arms to a horizontal position. In this the President showed great strength. Then we tugged to see who had the stronger wrist. We linked fingers to find who could pull the other from a standing position. We tried our lifting ability. We wrestled. It was all fast and furious—hardly time to see who was the master.

"You have one of the strongest backs I ever saw, Mr. President," I ventured to remark as he proposed another feat. His shoulders were almost Herculean.

"Yes," he agreed, "but, unfortunately, I am overweight even there. Don't let anybody know if I tell you something! Promise?"

On our assurance of secrecy—not knowing what was coming, possibly a great state secret—he leaned over and almost whispered: "I weigh 224 pounds. I ought to tip the scales at only 198 at the most. But don't betray that to a soul!"

With that he looked at the trim figure of my brother and suddenly asked, "How do you keep your stomach down?"

"Well," was the answer, "Mr. President, if you will nail a pair of old slippers against the wall in one of your rooms, lie down on your back, put your feet in them and then draw yourself to a sitting posture twenty-five times, night and morning, you will accomplish wonders."

"Do you do that?"

With the statement that my brother practiced the movement daily: "I'll begin that at once. I see its efficacy."

Turning to me, he asked my advice. I recommended rowing a boat.

But he interrupted me quickly: "No, not here. I do that at Oyster Bay, but I can't take the time in Washington, much as I wish. There is no better exercise, however, than proper oarsmanship. It expands the chest and strengthens the arms and stomach and legs. But exercise of any kind is difficult for me in the White House. I can't absent myself long; and if I do go on tramps or horseback riding even, I am always wondering whether something is happening in the various departments to which I should give my attention; whether, for instance, you [pointing at my brother] are trying an experiment in the Post Office Department which I should know about, or whether some complication has developed in the Department of State. And I suffer as a consequence from the lack of exercise, because I need it. We all do."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and excitedly asked: "By the way, do you boys understand jiu-jitsu?"

We replied in the negative, and he continued, pounding the air with his arms: "You must promise me to learn that without delay. You are so good in other athletics you must add jiu-jitsu to your accomplishments. Every American athlete ought to understand the Japanese system thoroughly. You know"—and he smiled reminiscently—"I practically introduced it to Americans. I had a young Japanese—now at Harvard—here for six months, and I tried jiu-jitsu with him day after day. But he always defeated me. It was not easy to learn. However, one day I got him—I got him—good and plenty! I threw him clear over my head on his belly, and I had it. I had it."

"Let me show you," and he reached for us.

Choosing me as his first victim, he grasped my wrist, and in a second (of course I was not resisting, not knowing how) he had my arm over his shoulder, his two hands bearing it down, and absolutely making me defenseless.

"Now in this position, it is on your knees or your arm will be broken."

"I am on my knees, Mr. President," I cried, as I thought my arm would snap.

"No, no, no, I won't hurt you," he laughed. He did not realize the force he was using.

Then he swung my brother about in various positions, the two lying on the floor, rising to their knees, and sprawling around again like boys of ten. He

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was really a marvel at jiu-jitsu, and enjoyed his victories and our discomfiture.

"We shall take lessons at once," we both promised at the first possible opportunity, anxious for a cessation of jiu-jitsu, in which we had both shown naturally to great disadvantage.

I here took a sly glance at the timepiece on the mantelpiece. To my amazement, it was after one o'clock, and we had been with the President a full two hours and more! At that minute a shiver passed over me as I said to myself: "If a Democratic photographer snap-shots us, he may lose this election. Or if a Secret Service man passes these windows and sees two strong chaps striking the President of the United States in the head and rolling around over the floor with him, he will make short shrift with us, thinking we are trying to assassinate the President."

And that latter fear was not unfounded. It was indeed fortunate that an officer did not pass those windows during our skirmishes. He could not have taken time to investigate; and even if he had, he would have thought probably, whatever our mission, we had gone suddenly insane; and our end would have been without ceremony. Imagine the picture! The reader may readily understand why I almost tremble even now, after all these years, with a realization of the predicament. But such a thought never entered the President's head. His face was aglow with pleasure and he wiped the perspiration from his brow—oblivious of everything but the enjoyment of the moment.

Suddenly, as though the real object of our visit had just come to his mind, he asked: "By the way, what did you boys want to see me about?" (Remember, this was over two hours and a half after our entrance.)

I then presented the case and told the desire of my brother. The President took from his pocket a small note-book and with his own hand wrote down the application. Finishing the notation, he smiled his irresistible smile at me, and, laughing, remarked:

"I know all about your brother's record. It is splendid. But anybody who boxes as he does ought to have that, or any other office in the gift of the President of the United States, that he wants. Unless the son of the Postmaster-General desires the place, your brother shall have it."

On the following Monday, completing that part of the story, he sent my brother's name to the Senate for the appointment desired.

As related above, two and one-half hours or more had then passed since Mr. Loeb had introduced us, and we arose to go, thanking the Colonel and apologizing for the time we had taken.

"No, no! Don't go yet," insisted the President. "Let us talk more athletics."

And then came a most fascinating recital, and my brother and I listened with rapt attention. The Colonel told of his boyhood, of his physical struggles, of his lack of strength and endurance. Asthma, as is generally known, interfered with his early development, and he was unable to do many things that his stronger mates accomplished with ease. His eyes flamed as he recalled his determination to overcome his infirmities. With great glee he told of boxing with a chap who defeated him. Taking lessons for three years, he renewed the conflict and conquered the fellow with ease. He recounted his interviews with Fitzsimmons and Corbett and other professionals. He related his experiences in the West and the story of his adventures as a cowboy and rancher. Delightful as they were, I shall pass them by, as the world knows them well.

But the result was before us. Here was a man of wonderful muscular development; a man who seemed absolutely to exude, if I may use the figure, physical force. One felt it. In truth, I was never in close contact with a man who had it in such a degree. His power, in a way, awed one. His activity was not affectation. He had to be active; he had to keep in motion. He took advantage of every opportunity to exercise. You never saw him sitting in his seat when traveling if a train stopped a minute or two at the station. Out he was to breathe deeply and exercise his arms and legs. Thus he kept in trim.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY—OUTSIDE

But to return to our interview. Nearly three hours had gone by when I again arose with the remark: "We must not keep you longer, Mr. President. I did, however, wish to talk politics with you for a moment, but I was warned by our correspondent not to do so."

"Sit down again, please," came the answer. "I am always ready for that."

And then I took the liberty of suggesting certain steps in his campaign which he was not only gracious enough to praise and accept, but to say: "That is about the best bit of advice I have had since this campaign began. Gee, I wish I had had it yesterday!"

Ringing a bell, he summoned Mr. Loeb. "Take this letter to Mr. Cortelyou, introducing Mr. Mooney. I want him to carry out these plans with the National Committee."

Despite my protest that I was kept busy with my newspaper work, he insisted, and I of course obeyed. I received several interesting letters from him in consequence in the course of the campaign, and one of thanks at its successful close.

His directions to the secretary ended, he slapped us on the back, remarking: "Now come on with me. I'll show you how I attend to the crowds in the waiting-room."

We walked with him as he shook hands along the line, taking a paper here, a brief there, making a promise to this one, and expressing a regret to the next one. But he did it in a way that pleased all and offended none. In fifteen minutes the interviews were over, and with a hearty handshake and a pressing invitation to return, "the most remarkable interview that any two young men ever had with a President of the United States" was at an end.

But the meeting had several other results. It led to very friendly relations with my brother, and many a boxing bout in the basement of the White House, and fishing and hunting in Virginia; and for me the granting of a number of favors which I shall never forget.

And it had another sequel which was somewhat ludicrous. On returning to New York, I received a letter from the late Colonel John J. McCook, then a well-known lawyer, who had refused a Cabinet place under McKinley, asking why, if I wanted anything from the President, I had not called on him, as he was close to the Colonel, a friend of my father's and of myself, and would gladly help me. "Perhaps," the letter added, "it will interest you to learn how I heard of your visit. Take luncheon with me to-morrow, and I shall tell you."

At the luncheon the Colonel laughingly asked: "When you passed into Mr. Loeb's office, did you see sitting on the end of the waiting benches a one-armed man and a very large man?"

As they were so conspicuous, I had noticed them.

"Well," added the Colonel, "one of those men was General Boynton, of the Associated Press, and the other was Mr. W. C. B., of J. P. Morgan & Co. After you had been with the President for an hour or more, they sent for Mr. Loeb and asked him who those two young fellows were with the President. Mr. Loeb told them. When sixty minutes again had passed, they asked once more for Mr. Loeb and informed him that they would return another day when the President had *'less important'* and *'less interesting'* visitors! But Mr. B. wishes to meet you, as, he says, he desires to see what a man looks like who can keep *him* waiting hours to see the President."

Thus this unusual interview with the President led to valuable friendships and to a number of meetings at which I had to recount the full story of August 18, 1904. Is it any wonder we were ever ardent followers of Roosevelt?

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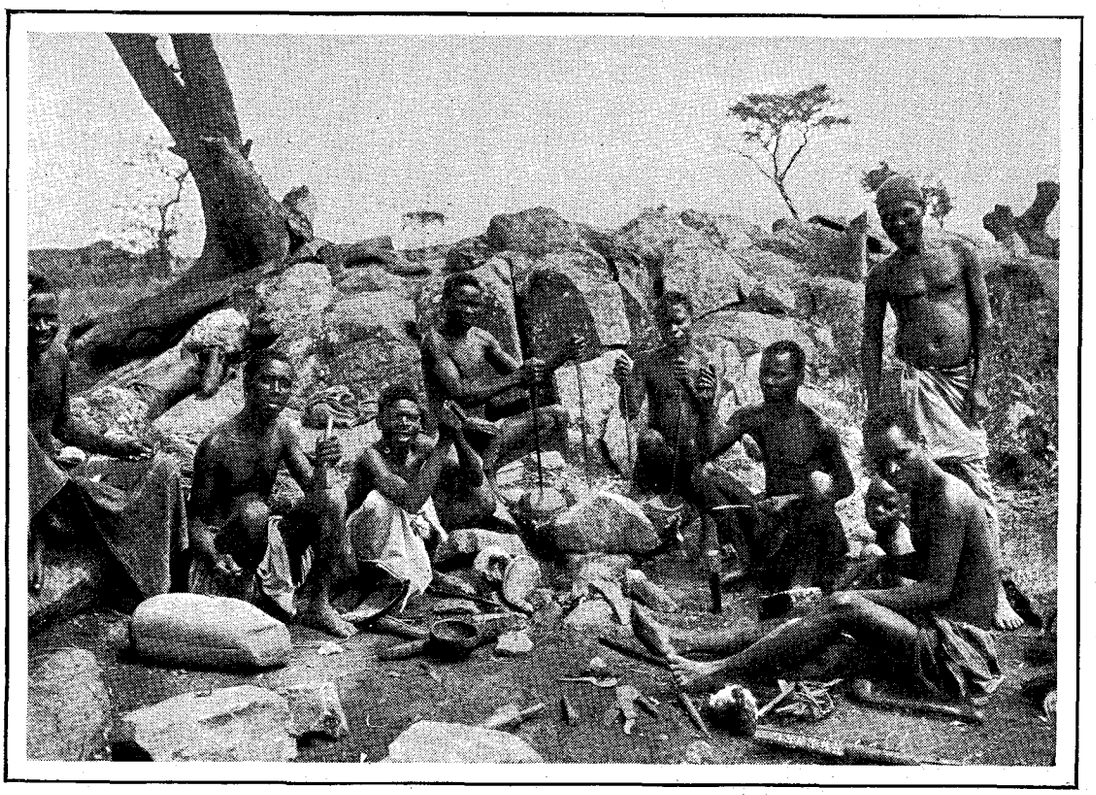
PERCUSSION

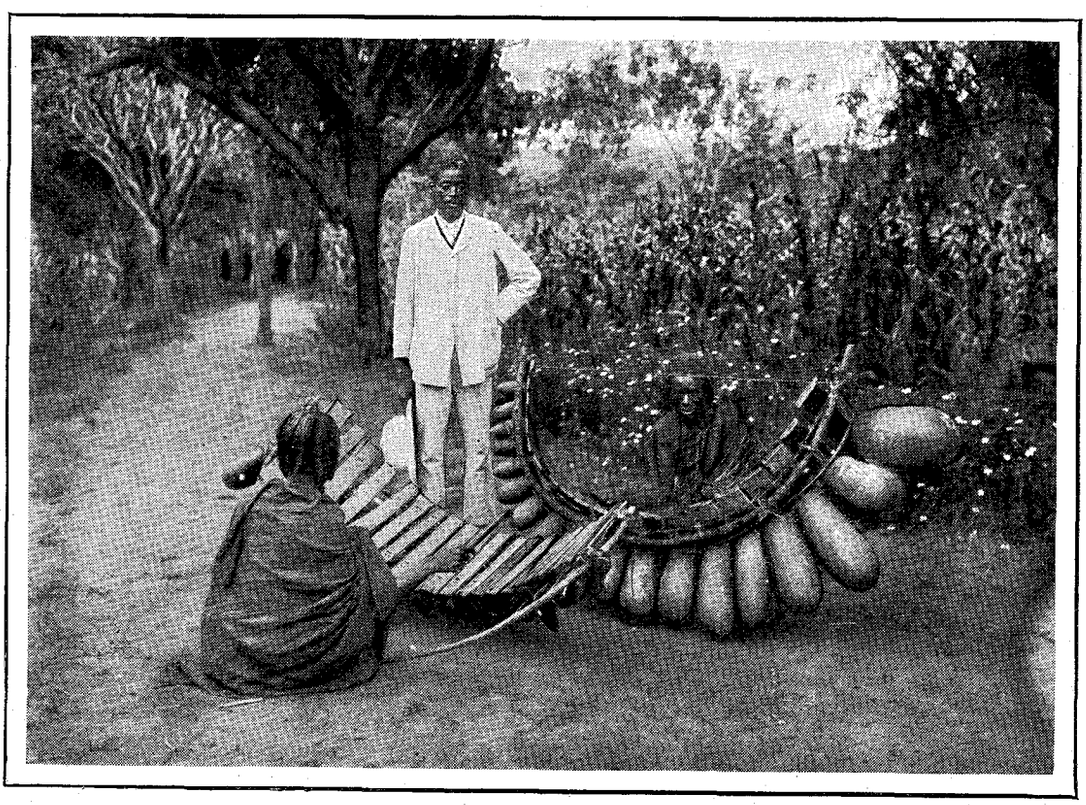


A VILLAGE SMITHY IN THE LUBOLO COUNTRY

Working in iron is an art practiced in Angola, or Portuguese West Africa, from time immemorial. The rude bellows is seen at the back, consisting of terra-cotta chambers covered loosely with goatskin, with long upright sticks attached to the middle of the skin for handles. Connection to the charcoal fire is made through a separate terra-cotta pipe, and a considerable blast is produced by a rapid movement of the goatskin covers up and down. It is an exhausting exercise for the blower when kept up very long, but sometimes even ore is smelted in this way. The natives have a few rough tools, and use the rocks for anvils, but manage to turn out very good work in knives, bush hooks, hoes, tomahawks, etc., and to repair their flintlock trade guns

THE MARIMBA—A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF AFRICAN ORIGIN

Two of these instruments, which are a kind of xylophone, are shown here, giving both a front and a back view. The hardwood keys are attached by rawhide thongs to the semicircular framework, and are beaten with rubber-tipped drumsticks. *Gourds in graduated* sizes are attached underneath for sounding boxes, and each gourd has a hole in its side covered over with a parchment-like film obtained from spiders' nests. This device is quite essential to the production of musical sound. The marimba can be heard at a distance of several miles, and the music has a very characteristic and pleasing quality. The marimba with some structural differences has been highly developed in South America, and "marimba bands" from there have visited the United States, where phonograph records of their playing are available



From Rev. Herbert C. Withey, The Homestead, Camps Bay, C. P., South Africa

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THE BOOK TABLE

BY THE AUTUMN FIRE

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

A YEAR or two ago when Mr. Dos Passos's novel "Three Soldiers" was new and unforgotten, somebody—either an advertiser or a reviewer—made one of the silliest of all silly remarks about it. The purport was, that now the cool autumn and winter nights had come, and that these were the times when readers liked to sit down before the fire and put in a snug and comfortable evening with a good novel, say, "Three Soldiers"! Even the admirers of that sour work must have smiled. It was as if some one should say: "This is a fine, bright November morning. Just the sort of day to spend a couple of jolly hours at the morgue!" Or, "Come up to my rooms on Christmas Eve. Two or three of the old classmates are going to be there, and I've got hold of a quart of *nux vomica!*" For "Three Soldiers," as a few may remember, was one of those humorless books of juvenile pessimism, full of a resolute bitterness, just as Polyanna is full of determined sunshine, and it was chiefly acclaimed by the young intellectuals who are oh, so sorry for themselves; by folk who got into trouble with their local draft boards during the war; and by men who came out of the Army with the firm conviction that all the officers were Fiends in Human Form. It would help pass a pleasant evening only in the same sense that a man running a steam-riveter is looked on, in the neighborhood, as a merry old soul. For the practitioners of the art of realism in its late renaissance regarded the literary man, not as a person to entertain or amuse his reader—perish the thought!—but as one whose mission was to give him similar sensations to those obtained by scraping one's finger nails along a brick pavement. You were "powerful" in so far as you were disagreeable. Prospects were bad only two years ago for the type of reader who asks for a good story. And readers of that type are fully as apt to be twenty as to be sixty, despite the odd notion of Greenwich Village that youth is always gloomy.

The human creature whose supply of brains does not fall below the average, and who, in consequence, does not have to call himself an "intellectual," likes, as he takes his ease at the winter fireside, a tale of love or adventure, a story of battle, murder, and sudden death, perhaps, or one of moonlit balconies and silken ladders. Such a reader may be one of those artless persons who throng the libraries and ask for a story "about a feller and a girl." Or one who wishes "a sad story, please," unconsciously realizing the truth of what Shelley and others said about the sweetest songs in the world. But even your moderately intelligent reader feels instantly that if life is not all honey, neither is it all verjuice, and that the professional gloomsters are just as bad artists as the writers of the dreadful "glad" books. The truth is breaking at last over the most youthful of the novelists and critics, that a book in which all the characters are vermin is not necessarily "artistic" for that reason, but may merely be unconsciously funny, or perhaps a bore.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

has another book review awaiting publication in The Outlook. It is a most illuminating discussion of a New Englander from Mr. Pearson's home town. The town is Newburyport and the man was Caleb Cushing. The review will appear under the title

"A Forgotten Statesman"

To the inveterate reader there are no times and seasons for different types of books. A volume of profound philosophy, if it appeals to him, is welcome while he is lying in a hammock on a summer day; and a book of light verse is good late at night in the winter while the conventional storm roars without. The important thing is that he can pounce on it, as Holmes said, when he first sees it and desires it. He wants what he wants when he wants it. (Old song; *temp.* Fritzi Scheff.) But there is nevertheless a certain appropriate conjunction between a book of old tales, a book of ghosts and witches, of dark and midnight deeds,

> Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
> And hid in sudden graves;
> Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
> And murders done in caves—

between such a book as this, and a winter's evening, beside your fire or your steam-heater, as the case may be. And that is why it is most fortunate that there are now easily available for American readers these three books by William Roughead: "Twelve Scots Trials," "The Riddle of the Ruthvens," and "Glengarry's Way."[1] For two or three years I have never lost an opportunity to recommend Mr. Roughead's books to my friends, and it is a pleasure to continue that recommendation to the readers of The Outlook. I have reason to know that there are a great many men and women who will pounce upon books of this kind with cries of joy and revel in them during the coming months.

Mr. Roughead is a Writer to the Signet—a kind of lawyer peculiar to Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott was also one, and Mr. Roughead is a spiritual grandchild of Sir Walter, as he is, in a literary sense, a younger brother of Stevenson and Andrew Lang in his relish for the historical mysteries of his native land. He dearly loves a good murder. The folk of these historical tales—for all three of the books are fact, not fiction—are not estimable citizens at all. Many of them are quite horrid villains, but as far from being "morbid" as Macbeth is from the works of that typical Russian novelist, "Solugubrious." The title essay of "The Riddle of the Ruthvens" (pronounced Rivvens) is about the murder of the Earls of Gowrie by James I, or the conspiracy against his so-called Gracious Majesty by the Gowrie brothers, as you prefer. There are some murders, a forger or two, an abduction, and some most amazing cases of witchcraft in the volume.

Merely to mention the titles of the papers in "Twelve Scots Trials" should pique your curiosity as surely as good old Dr. Watson used to do when he casually referred to those tantalizing adventures of Sherlock Holmes which were never related. Can you resist—I could not—"The Doom of Lady Warriston," "Touching One Major Weir, a Warlock," "The Ghost of Sergeant Davies," "The Wife o' Denside," "The St. Fergus Affair," "The Dunecht Mystery" (in which some Scotch rascals paid the compliment of imitation to some others of New York!), and "The Arran Murder"? And "Glengarry's Way" contains, among others, "Poison and Plagiary," "The Twenty-seven Gods of Linlithgow," and "The Hard Case of Mr. James Oliphant."

Mr. Roughead has made his books show that his has been the labor of love; he works amid the old records with the conscientious nicety of the scholar, and he presents his story with a perfect appreciation of its grimness and also its humor. No one need fear that he will be found dwelling upon the merely gruesome aspects of his tale; there is nothing in any of his books to affect unfavorably any healthy reader. A few of the papers are purely humorous; I think none is entirely lacking in the quality, even when it moves amid churchyard vaults and "skellingtons." The worst

[1] Twelve Scots Trials. $3. The Riddle of the Ruthvens. $4. Glengarry's Way. $4. By William Roughead. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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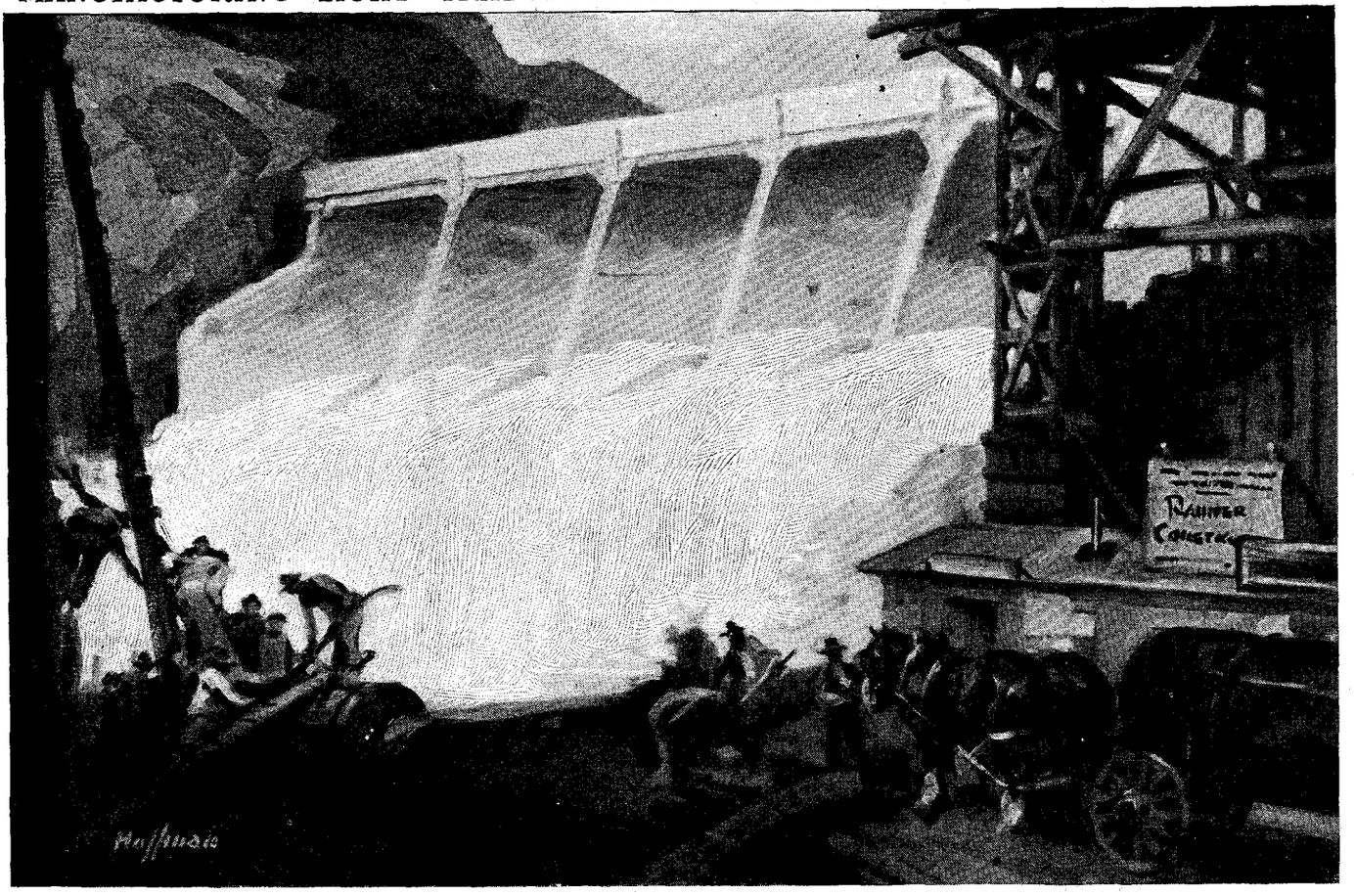

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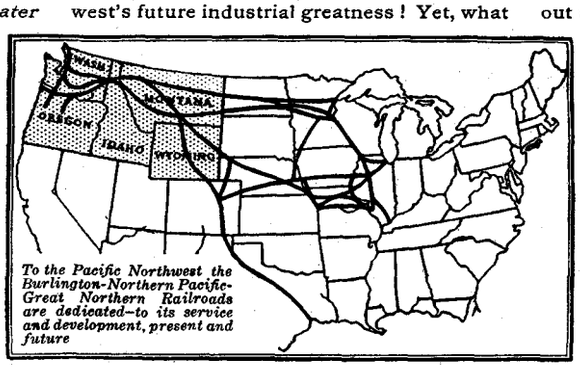

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of his scoundrels would be a far more tolerable companion on a desert isle than one of the cads, cowards, and wasters whom our realistic novelists would have us believe represents the average citizen of to-day.

THE NEW BOOKS

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ESSAYS IN EUROPEAN AND ORIENTAL LITERATURE. By Lafcadio Hearn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

In his earlier days Hearn wrote editorials and literary articles for the New Orleans "Times-Democrat." The best of these have been collected and edited by Mr. Albert Mordell. Many are finished essays, and the range of topics is large, although they all come within the scope of the book's title. Hearn's mental processes were incisive, his critical faculty acute, and in style and color his diction was remarkable.

MAGICAL CHANCE (THE). By Dallas Lore Sharp. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.75.

Another of the author's talks about nature, outdoor life, and popular science, combined with gentle and sometimes also stimulating essays. Professor Sharp has been for many years recognized as one of the most popular American writers in this vein.

STUDIES IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE. By Stanley T. Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Studies of Matthew Arnold, Newman, Rossetti, and other famous poets, critics, and writers, mainly of the later Victorian era. We commend especially the chapters on Kingsley and Landor. The writing is notably fair and judicial in its estimates, with none of the too prevalent fault of critics in exhibiting their own supernal cleverness at all costs.

POETRY

BLACK ARMOUR. By Elinor Wylie. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.75.

Mrs. Wylie's mind—or at least that part of it represented in her two books of poetry—is so highly individual as barely to miss being eccentric. Emotional and intellectual experience and aspects of the external world as presented in "Black Armour" are therefore distinctive and peculiar. In so far as that is true, the poems fail of voicing universal experience, and hence of enlisting immediate and universal sympathy. In its stead, however, is a highly interesting revelation of an individual spirit acutely reported. The poetry is always intellectually shrewd and responsible, and sometimes profoundly moving. Experience and observation are sharpened to a point and set down with a lean economy of treatment. This makes for an impression of austerity—which must not be confused with a lack of colorful and expansive imagination, of which Mrs. Wylie has an abundance. There is nevertheless a singing quality in most of the poems, and a fine and spirited—and sometimes heroic—gesture in many of them. A delineation of her own spirit, etched with characteristic sharpness and with fidelity, appears in the following sonnet, entitled "Self-Portrait:"

A lens of crystal whose transparence calms
Queer stars to clarity, and disentangles
Fox fires to form austere refracted angles:
A texture polished on the horny palms
Of vast, equivocal creatures, beast or human:
A flint, a substance finer-grained than snow,
Graved with the Graces in intaglio
To set sarcastic sigil on the woman.

This for the mind, and for the little rest
A hollow scooped to blackness in the breast,
The simulacrum of a cloud, a feather:
Instead of stone, instead of sculptured strength,
This soul, this vanity, blown hither and thither,
By trivial breath, over the whole world's length.

The sonnet serves not only the expressed purpose of self-portraiture, but offers as well a characteristic example of the author's method and style. Another poem in the book, "Let No Charitable Hope," is so revealing of certain qualities of the author's mind and her attitude toward life that it is worth quoting for these reasons, and as yet another even more characteristic example of her work:

Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am in nature none of these.

I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
The little nourishment I get.

In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.

"Black Armour" is primarily a matter of wit and competent workmanship. Both are of a quality that makes the book a distinct and interesting—and valuable—contribution to the poetry of to-day.

SECOND CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY. Charles Wharton Stork, Editor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Here a small amount of good verse, even a little fine poetry, is buried under a great quantity of mediocre poetizing. The poems, numbering nearly 150, by ninety-seven writers, are taken from the 1920–3 issues of "Contemporary Verse," with a few additions from the files of 1916–20. The book contains an introduction and an editorial by Charles Wharton Stork, editor of "Contemporary Verse" and of the anthology.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT. By Grant Overton. D. Appleton & Co., The George H. Doran Company, Doubleday, Page & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50c.

This book is published by four publishing firms, for advertising purposes, and therefore, although a two-dollar book in appearance, is sold for one quarter that amount. It is honest advertising, and looks as if it were good advertising. It consists of about twenty essays about various modern authors whose books are published by these firms: Galsworthy and Conrad and Harold Bell Wright and Tarkington and Edith Wharton and Christopher Morley and others. There are portraits and bibliographies and a deal of information—probably perfectly truthful—about these authors. The publisher deserves to be heard about his authors, but the reader deserves to know that it is the publisher who is speaking. In the publicity stuff furnished by publishing houses there is much useful and interesting reading. It is troublesome only when it is printed by a small newspaper as if it originated with the newspaper itself, and not with a man who is trying to promote sales. The literary editor of the New York "Herald," Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, does a good thing when he prints such matter, but prints it under the caption "What the Publisher Would Have You Know."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

RUBBLE AND ROSELEAVES. By F. W. Boreham. Abingdon Press Co., New York. $1.75.

THOSE WHO RETURN. By Maurice Levell. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN. By Wayne C. Williams. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

INDIA IN FERMENT. By Claude H. Van Tyne. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

OLD ROAD (THE). By H. Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Professor Charles A. Ellwood. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

CHRIST OR MARS. By Will Irwin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

FOLK-LORE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Sir James George Frazer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILIZATION (THE). By R. H. Towner. Vols. I and II. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

EDUCATION FOR MORAL GROWTH. By Henry Neumann, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

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THE MAIL BAG

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE AND CIVIL SERVICE

I

I WAS much interested in your article of August 8, "A Threat Worse than a Blunder," and in the inconclusive and even childish answer of Mr. Anderson in the "American Issue" of September 15. You very justly say that "more serious than anything it has suffered from its enemies is the injury which the cause of prohibition enforcement has suffered from its friends," in the threat of the Board of the Anti-Saloon League that "an investigation of its activities would be accepted as an overt act constituting a declaration of war against approximately five thousand Protestant churches of this State." Mr. Anderson's answer that you suppressed the vital statement that "the League has nothing to fear from a disclosure of all its activities" is ridiculous when in the same breath it threatens the Legislature with a declaration of war for attempting to make this disclosure. An organization may protest all it will that it is not afraid, but when it threatens the investigator all sensible men know that it *is* afraid.

But this threat is not the first instance in which the representatives of the League have betrayed their cause. When the Volstead Act (for which they were responsible) was up for consideration, they made not the slightest protest against the infamous clause which excepted all the field places in the enforcement bureau from the classified service. They secured the passage of the law with this clause in it and thereby made all these places the spoils of Congressmen, many of whom unscrupulously secured the appointment of scoundrels who accepted bribes, dishonored the service and made the enforcement bureau what President Harding himself called "a national scandal." The politicians wanted the plunder and the Anti-Saloon League let them have it.

For a long time the advocates of the merit system could secure no cooperation from the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League in any measure of reform. When the Republican administration came into power Commissioner Haynes and the League reorganized the bureau, but wholly along political lines, Republican rascals being substituted for Democratic rascals; and it was only within the last year or so that, overcome by the ghastly conditions around them, they were willing to classify it at all, and then their scheme was to cover into the service the variegated assortment of criminals who had been appointed as spoils, a measure which would only lead to the perpetuation of the evils which the spoils system had inaugurated! The leaders of the Anti-Saloon League do not seem to realize that their own methods are disreputable in just the same way as those of the saloon-keepers whom they denounce.

Of course such men as Mr. Anderson (as you say in your issue of August 1) have lost public sympathy. The policy of secrecy and evasion is never justifiable, and least of all in a cause on which a great moral issue depends. His declaration is: "If we have lost a single actual friend that ever got really into the fight for prohibition, we do not know it." This is ridiculous when we remember his long articles on the changed attitude of Mr. Rockefeller in discontinuing a munificent contribution. How can we credit Mr. Anderson's statements when he says such things as these?

I hope that the National Civil Service Reform League may have the support of The Outlook in its insistence that there shall be *another* reorganization of the enforcement bureau, not political like that of Mr. Haynes, but non-political, providing that no man high or low shall be admitted or retained in the service until he has shown his qualifications competitively with all others, including an investigation as to his character and personal integrity. Anything less than this will only continue present abuses, discredit the civil service system itself, and ultimately, after the lapse of years of lawlessness, lead to the radical modification of the Volstead Law and to a return, at least in part, to the evils which the Eighteenth Amendment was intended to abolish.

WM. DUDLEY FOULKE.

Richmond, Indiana.

[We sent to Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, one of the ablest and most responsible leaders of the Anti-Saloon League, a summary of the criticisms which have been made against the League because of its attitude toward Civil Service Reform. Certainly the letter from Mr. Wheeler which we publish on the next page leaves no question as to where he himself stands on this important problem. The Anti-Saloon League is an eminently practical organization. It has played the game of politics according to the rules of the game. We certainly believe that now it is time for all leaders of this organization to see that any compromise which lowers the efficiency of the

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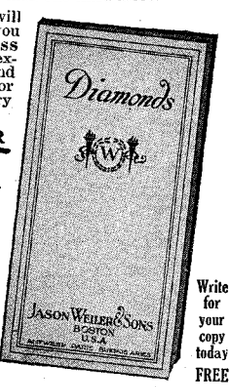

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THE MAIL BAG (*Continued*)

enforcement agency is a deadly blow at the Eighteenth Amendment.—THE EDITORS.]

II

THE stand taken by the Anti-Saloon League in favor of Civil Service is being misrepresented by certain advocates of Civil Service Reform who have erroneously stated that Federal prohibition agents were eliminated from Civil Service provisions because the League opposed their inclusion.

As the legislative representative of the League, I have been in favor of putting these agents under Civil Service. Practically all of the Anti-Saloon League leaders favor it. The National Prohibition Act puts the clerks and assistants under Civil Service, but it was impossible to place all agents, inspectors, and clerks under Civil Service when the act was adopted. I do not suppose any great measure on a controverted issue ever went through Congress or any other legislative body without undergoing changes.

Doing the practical, sane, and successful thing has brought criticism to the Anti-Saloon League many times during the past twenty years, but we have found that the majority of the people approve this plan.

Wet propaganda used the fact that the bill to put these agents under Civil Service rules was introduced in the House by one of the wettest and most outspoken opponents of prohibition. This champion of the bill took every occasion to misrepresent the facts about prohibition and cripple its enforcement. It alienated some of the Congressmen who otherwise might favor it.

I have advocated this measure before our own and other organizations on many occasions. At a National gathering of Anti-Saloon League workers and the National Executive Committee in July, 1923, the following was adopted: "Federal prohibition agents should be placed under Civil Service and retained in office not because of political qualifications but because of fitness for their task." Similar resolutions were adopted more than a year ago.

After a long discussion the National legislative committee, composed of twenty-two National temperance organizations, indorsed the proposal to put prohibition agents under Civil Service, adding that such agents should be in sympathy with the law they were to enforce. This amendment to the indorsement was urged by those of other organizations than the Anti-Saloon League who indicated that they would not favor the resolution unless this provision was inserted.

There is much to be said in favor of such a provision. In most instances those who are opposed to the law are indifferent or inefficient officers, though there are exceptions to this rule. It is claimed, on the other hand, that the Civil Service Commission through its series of examinations will be better able to eliminate the inefficient than could be done by putting in any special provision. I cannot see how any one who desires law enforcement can make any vital objection to the measure in either form suggested.

A most unfair attack was made upon the League by Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, at the last National meeting of the Civil Service Reform Association, in Washington. I made the following statement to the Convention, which is recorded in the Convention report, and many of the members of the organization indorsed it:

> I regret any misunderstanding concerning the attitude of the Anti-Saloon League toward a bill to put Federal prohibition agents under Civil Service. We have never been opposed to it, but have been practical enough to accept the best possible when the perfect best was unattainable. It was impossible to secure Civil Service except for the clerical force in the original bill. One of the objections raised was that the qualifications of the successful prohibition agent—integrity, courage, and common sense—are not brought out by a Civil Service examination. Those who wanted the spoils system continued were of course against it.
>
> It is regrettable that any one in the Civil Service organization should condemn prohibition as a failure. It is not a failure. It is a success, even with the odds against it, and with the wet propaganda trying to poison the minds of the people against it. I suggest that we keep our heads and work together. It will be difficult enough to get a Civil Service measure even if we unite our forces. We cannot take the position that we will not accept anything unless we get a one hundred per cent perfect bill if we expect to accomplish the desired results.

The adoption of Civil Service for prohibition agents is possible if its friends will give more attention to its passage and less to unwarranted criticism of those who have been making a consistent fight for an honest enforcement of the law. Most of these critics who are so greatly disturbed now about what they call the failure of prohibition enforcement were conspicuous by their absence in the fight to get an enforceable law and make it operative throughout the country when the original act was adopted.

The chief controversy that will arise when this measure comes up in the next session of Congress is whether all enforcement officers shall be placed under Civil Service, including State directors, or whether certain executive officers shall be excluded, as is done in other departments of the Government under Civil Service. It will also be contended that agents in office should be exempt from the examination. I believe that it will be better to require all of the agents to take the examination. There are some very efficient inspectors who may not be able to meet the test required, but there are a number of incompetent agents who would be eliminated by this examination. The advantages of the examination more than offset the disadvantages.

As to how many executive officers should be excluded from the act is a question of judgment based on experience in the operation of other laws. There will doubtless be some exceptions made, but they should be very few and only such as will not cripple the purpose of the act. I do not believe, however, we should oppose all the good provisions of this bill even if it is not perfect in every detail.

I favor Civil Service for prohibition agents for these reasons:

It will take the appointment of prohibition agents out of politics—so far as it can be done.

Under the present system, prohibition agents are chosen, in most places, because of their political qualifications rather than their fitness for the position. When protests are filed and the dominant party leaders from the State insist upon the appointment of an agent, he is practically always appointed, regardless of his lack of qualifications. When the United States Senators of a dominant party and the party leaders are friendly to law enforcement, we secure, as a rule, good agents. When they are hostile, inefficient or corrupt agents are chosen.

When bad agents are in the service and protests are filed against them, although the Department is convinced of their unfitness, political leaders have on many occasions required the Department to keep them in the service.

Many agents, knowing the effect of political influence, hesitate to enforce the law aggressively and without fear or favor. They know that if they reach certain violators with large political influence it may work against them. Civil Service gives them the largest amount of personal security in the performance of their duty.

It will introduce into the Department the merit system, under which men whose records show them to be proficient will be promoted, while those who are incompetent or unsatisfactory may be eliminated.

It will provide a personnel composed of men of experience, since the men who make good will be protected and retained, thus reversing the present system of creating an entirely new personnel with every political change

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in the administration of our government.

WAYNE B. WHEELER,
General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America.

III

I THANK you cordially for your editorial in your issue of August 8 protesting so vigorously and so justly against the attempt to draw five thousand Protestant churches into a political campaign. To threaten a Legislature with the Church as a political weapon is not only a gross blunder but it strikes at the very root of our doctrine of total separation of Church and State.

I am a thoroughgoing advocate of prohibition, but far above and beyond that is the religious liberty which is our safeguard. The Anti-Saloon League has made many blunders, but this is the worst of all. If it persists in such a campaign, I, for one, would have nothing further to do with the organization. In order firmly to establish prohibition we need the help of every good citizen of all religious beliefs. But in establishing prohibition we must not destroy an even more important bulwark against evil.

Aix-les-Bains, France. W. W. KEEN.

IV

I HAVE read Mr. Crosby's comment on my letter which you published.

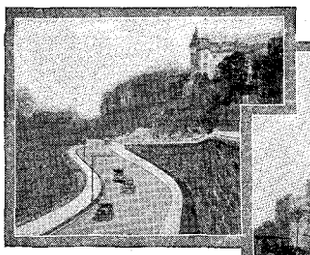
I can hardly see how Mr. Crosby can interpret my courteous question as an attack upon the integrity of the Anti-Saloon League. I merely gave my own opinion of the relationship between the League and the churches.

I confess that I am still of the opinion that the League represents the Protestant churches only as Hampton Institute may be said to represent them—as perhaps a concrete example of their ideals, but not technically and legally.

Attacks upon me as a "wet" really amaze me. I am not a drinker of intoxicants; I have preached against the saloon and the evils of liquor, and have urged temperance and sobriety. I have never had any fellowship whatsoever with any "wet" bunch or organization. I have been guilty of no falsehoods about those who differ from me about the best methods to curb the evils of drink. I simply have opinions of my own as to both what I and the League want done. No action by any ecclesiastical body of my denomination on the subject of the control of the liquor traffic is binding upon me as an individual. We are not an autocracy. Freedom of interpretation of opinion and conscience are primal principles with us.

With all good will, I am,
RALPH W. BROKAW.

Utica, New York.



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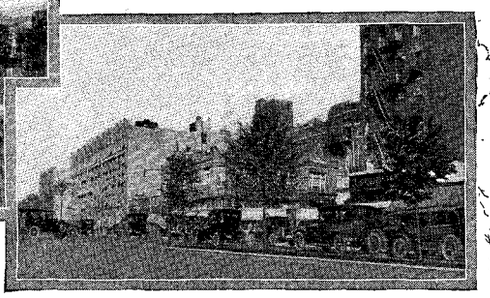

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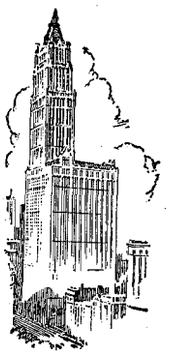

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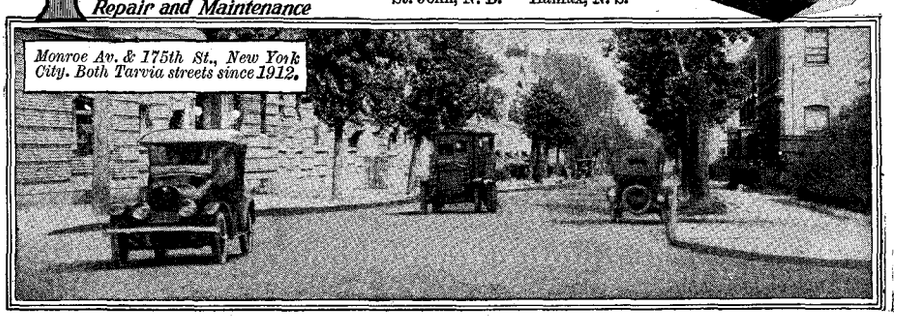

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SOME ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

IN a recent article we suggested that it would be well if more people were familiar with certain parts of our financial machinery. Acting upon this suggestion, some of our readers have written in, asking us to supply the answers to several questions pertinent to the subject. One question is, "What is the Federal Reserve System?" More space than is allocated to this department would be necessary if a full reply were made to such a question, but we take the liberty of quoting several brief excerpts from "The A B C of the Federal Reserve System," by E. W. Kemmerer, and trust they will be sufficient to give the reader a skeleton view of this comparatively new banking system:

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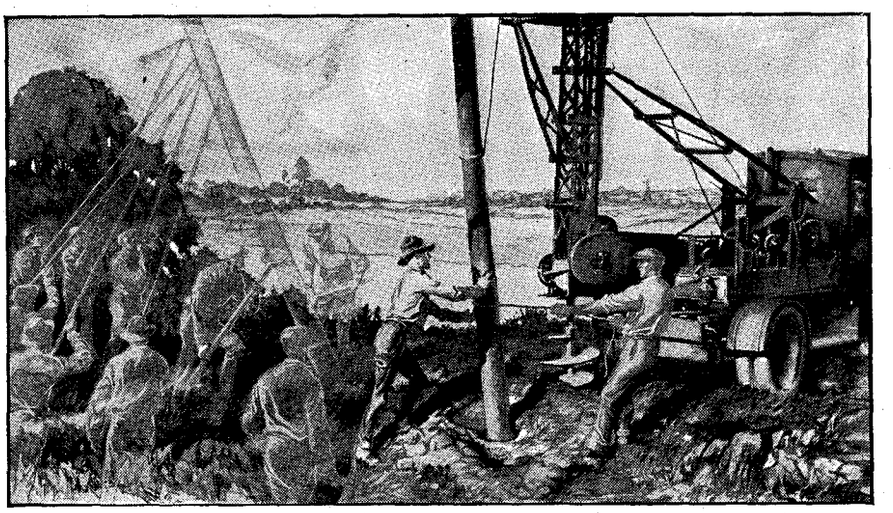
pose for which it is issued. As to time, notes rediscounted must have a maturity at the time of rediscount of not more than ninety days (exclusive of days of grace); except that a limited amount of bills drawn for agricultural purposes or based on live stock may be rediscounted, provided they have a maturity not exceeding six months (exclusive of days of grace). As to the purpose for which the bills are issued, the law limits rediscounts to two classes of paper. They are: (1) Notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank and 'arising out of actual commercial transactions,' that is, issued or drawn 'for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used or are to be used for such purposes;' and (2) Notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank and issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying or trading in 'bonds and notes of the Government of the United States.' Except for United States Government securities, the law specifically prohibits the rediscounting by Federal Reserve Banks of paper issued or drawn 'for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks, bonds, or other investment securities.'"

"What is 'time money'?" was another question asked us. Well, as the name implies, time money is money loaned for a certain period of time, as sixty or ninety days. The rate of interest charged on time loans depends upon the duration of the loan and the kind of collateral offered to secure it. The poorer the security, the higher the interest rate, and banks—at least so far as brokers' loans are concerned—always demand readily marketable securities, and sometimes make a different rate for "railroad," industrial," and "mixed" collateral.

"Call" money is loaned for no stated period, but, subject to the necessity or desire of the bank, payment may be demanded at any time. In other words, the loan runs indefinitely, but may be terminated any minute. The borrower is therefore at a certain disadvantage, but to compensate him the call-money rate is always lower than that asked for time money, and the interest he pays is correspondingly less.

The rate of interest and the rediscount rate are the prices charged for money. When money is plentiful, interest and rediscount rates usually fall, in order to attract borrowers. With money scarce, rates are high. When money is cheap, credit expands, and so far as the stock and commodity markets are concerned the way to speculation is apt to be opened up, bull markets come along, and the cost of everything probably rises. One of the quickest, simplest, and most effective ways of curbing speculation is for the banks to raise their interest rates, which are largely governed by the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve Bank in their district. Business being conducted principally upon credit, what it costs to get credit is a tremendous factor in the cost of doing business and in determining the price charged the consumer. The consumer for his own protection would do well to familiarize himself to some extent with these matters, and further reading than can be supplied in these columns would, we believe, prove interesting as well as instructive.



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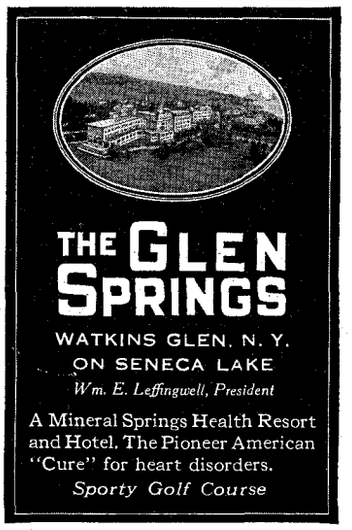

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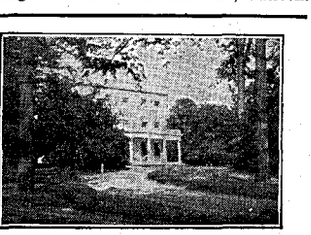

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MOTHER'S helper wanted. Desire intelligent, refined young woman to assist mother with four children in suburban New York. Attractive home and village surroundings. Require previous experience with children, but not tutoring. 4,345, Outlook.

WANTED, on or before November 1, in minister's family of three adults, working housekeeper who would appreciate good home. Please apply to Mrs. Gorrell Quick, 22 Fairview Ave., Verona, N. J.

MIDDLE-aged woman of refinement to assist with light home duties in exchange for good home—Westchester. 4,389, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Governess for two little girls, 5 and 8 years, between 25 and 35. Must be Protestant, pleasing personality, gentle and kind, and experienced with children. 4,380, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse would care for elderly lady or gentleman. Fond of housekeeping, capable of taking full charge, or would take semi-invalid to board and care for in her home. References. 4,392, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

POSITION wanted—Companion to lady; would travel. Automobile license. Or would take charge of motherless children. References exchanged. Permanent. 4,352, Outlook.

TO go South for winter. Refined middle-aged woman would like position as companion for an elderly lady. Experienced. References exchanged. Address E. M. Leo, Kents Hill, Maine. Box 115.

REFINED, cultured woman desires winter position as companion; willing to assist with light housekeeping. References exchanged. 4,374, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housemother or matron in school or institution. M. L. B., Middletown, Del.

GENTLEWOMAN as companion-housekeeper. Would travel. References exchanged. 4,377, Outlook.

WANTED—Position caring for child. Several years' experience. Prefer some one going South. Permanent position desired. Miss Florence Bush, Canton, N. Y.

COMPANION and assistant to refined person by middle-aged woman exceptionally qualified. Would travel. References exchanged. 4,337, Outlook.

A refined middle-aged American woman of patience, tact, and experience would like the care of an elderly lady or gentleman or semi-invalid. 4,386, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as working housekeeper in small, refined Christian family. Best of references furnished and required. 4,384, Outlook.

COMPANION to lady or couple. Refined, experienced, well recommended. Light household duties. 4,391, Outlook.

LADY having practical nurse's training wishes position as companion to invalid or semi-invalid going to southern California, or will take charge of children. Desires expenses paid and small remuneration. Available after November 1. 4,393, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHER, experienced, fond of children, desires position teaching governess-companion. Highest references. 4,381, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, mother's helper. Educated, capable woman, experienced with children. 4,382, Outlook.

FOREIGN lady, speaking French, German, English, desires position in Christian family—teacher or companion. Highest credentials. 4,385, Outlook.

FRENCH taught by experienced native teacher; private, class. Madame Dewey, 18 East 88th St., New York. Lenox 0721.

TEACHER-governess. Specialty backward children. Primary, elementary, high school subjects. English, German, French. 4,390, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a very thorough nurses' aid course of six months is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Monthly allowance and full maintenance is furnished. For further information address Directress of Nurses.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Miss Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan. Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

LECTURES ON ART—Illustrated with stereopticon slides, available for clubs, schools and study courses. Prepared by experts. Require only good reader, lantern and operator. May not be used for financial profit. Fee $5, plus transportation. Exhibitions of pictures also available. Fee $10 to $200. Address The American Federation of Arts, 1741 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Bright, interesting little girl to bring up, between 8 and 10 years. Orphan preferred. Mrs. Babcock, 136 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.

NURSE, trained, will take charge of invalid in her refined home, riverside. References. 4,379, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

MANUSCRIPTS copied intelligently. Club papers prepared. 4,342, Outlook.

WANTED—Intelligent co-operation in founding home for gentlewomen in western North Carolina, where climate and scenery are unsurpassed. Two hundred thousand endowment fund needed to provide refined, congenial environment for women who prefer to invest in such a home to becoming dependent on others in old age. If interested, address 4,388, Outlook.

BY THE WAY

THE advance of our times over the "good old days" is seen in an article in the "Political Science Quarterly" describing eighteenth-century elections in England. "Treating," it says, "was the customary form of entertaining electors, although few patrons were so generous as Lord Ferrers, who plied the voters at Chartley with several hogsheads of ale and six hogsheads of wine! One elector, who drank to the candidate's health to the impairment of his own, testified that he had imbibed of a 'new liquor called Whistle-Jacket, made up of brandy and treacle;' and another witness, franker still, accused the mayor of making him 'so drunk with brandy that he did not know what he did; but

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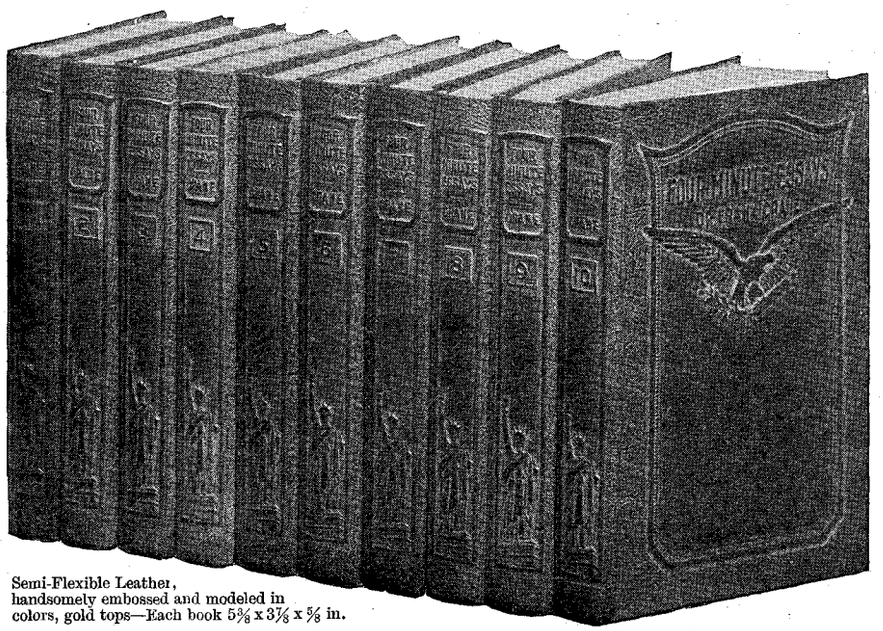

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Outlook 10-24-23

BY THE WAY (*Continued*)

he was sure he voted for the petitioner.'"

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Joyce—"I love you; I love you. Won't you be my wife?" Jess—"You must see mamma first." Joyce—"I have seen her several times, but I love you just the same."

From "London Opinion:"

Magistrate—"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence?" Burglar—"Yes, m'lud. It's a bit thick bein' identified by a bloke wot kept 'is head under the bedclothes the whole time."

Recently a part of the printing-press used by the anti-slavery martyr, Elijah P. Lovejoy, was dragged from the bed of the Mississippi River at Alton, Illinois, according to the "Type Metal Magazine," and erected in a public park with a memorial tablet. Lovejoy, it will be remembered, was killed by a mob in 1837 and his press thrown into the river. His death gave occasion for the first great oratorical triumph of Wendell Phillips at Faneuil Hall in Boston—a speech that has been ranked with Patrick Henry's oration at Williamsburg and with Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

In the speech above referred to Phillips, pointing to the portraits of Revolutionary worthies that lined the walls of the room in which he spoke, said: "Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke that recreant American, the slanderer of the dead"—meaning his pro-slavery opponent. A recent visitor to Faneuil Hall reports that he failed to find these ancient portraits. Have they gone into the discard? The admirer of Phillips will note that, in the fervor of this impromptu reply, he yet used the felicitous word "pictured" and not "painted" lips.

From the Boston "Daily Advertiser:"

DRUNKS WIPED OUT, IPSWICH JAIL SOLD

Lack of prisoners, due to the passage of the Volstead Act, caused the shutting down of the Ipswich jail, which was supported by Essex County. Yesterday the jail and 10 acres of land were sold to the town of Ipswich for $23,000.

From the "Humorist" (London):

Doctor—"Ah, good morning, Mr. Smithers, I don't need to ask what brings you here, I can see. You're run down—no tone, fag, loss of appetite, broken rest, overwork—sir, am I right?"

Smithers—"Quite; I've just come back from my holidays."

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Christian Civilization—Is It Christian?

After Nineteen Hundred Years Has Christianity Seriously Modified the Pagan Character of Human Society?

This question was put to a group of the most influential social students in the American church, all of them leaders and close advisors of the various social service movements in all the denominations and the Federal Council of Churches. Among them are:

Bishop Francis J. McConnell
F. Ernest Johnson
Charles A. Ellwood
Alva W. Taylor
Samuel Z. Batten
Harry F. Ward
Ross L. Finney
Albion W. Small
Arthur E. Holt
Herbert H. Shenton
Edward Alsworth Ross

¶ They divided the problem up into many pieces, each taking one piece to investigate.

¶ Their answer is an amazing revelation!

¶ In a series of articles they declare with surprising unanimity that the industry, the economics, the politics, the nationalist conceptions and practices and the international relations of our so-called Christian civilization are *based upon and shot through and through with utterly pagan implications.*

¶ Our workaday life and our public life have not yet seriously felt the influence of the mind of Jesus. On the contrary, a society dominated by Christian men is found to be governed by rules which are non-Christian, anti-Christian, flagrantly pagan.

¶ If these pagan rules and principles remain unrevolutionized, says Professor Albion W. Small, "*the goodly fellowship of the Apostles could not operate our present industrial system and make its workings just.*"

The
CHRISTIAN CENTURY
A Journal of Religion
CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON and HERBERT L. WILLETT, Editors
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¶ These churchmen agree that it is vain to ask men to be Christians in industry or politics and at the same time accept pagan ideals, motives and methods as their rules of action.

¶ No such concerted analysis of the moral character of our social order has ever before been attempted in the light of the mind of Christ. The positions of leadership held by the writers—officials in the social service organizations and close counsellors of officials—make their articles an authentic expression of the slowly forming

SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OF THE MODERN CHURCH

¶ These articles will appear in successive issues of THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY beginning shortly.

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THE MAIL BAG

A COUNTRYMAN REPLIES

IN The Outlook for September 26, "A City Man Wants to Know" "When the farmer contrasts his inadequate returns with the higher wages of the city worker, does he include in his returns the living that the farm affords to himself and family?".

Just what is this living that the farm affords, and how is it obtained? It is usually a garden and a flock of chickens attended to by the farmer's wife in addition to her household work. It would seem that the poultry and vegetables were earned by the farm wife during her spare moments —the spare moments of the city wife may be, and frequently are, devoted to earning additional income.

There are also, if cows and pigs are kept, milk and pork for home use. But cows must be fed and milked; pigs, too, are fond of eating. This can be attended to before the farmer has his breakfast and after supper, when the day's work is finished. The city man, with fewer working hours, has a better opportunity of adding to his income.

Then the living that the farm affords is obtained by the farmer and his wife giving up the hours that the city dweller devotes to rest and recreation.

The house rent on an average farm about offsets the interest on the investment, and so is not considered here.

To sum up, then, the living that the farm affords is that which the farmer, his wife, and his children get by taking it out of themselves.

In his next paragraph the "City Man" says: "Frequently on a visit to the country, when buying directly from the farmer, I pay city prices; the farmer is unwilling to share with me the profit of the middleman—he wants it all."

This sentence particularly interests me as a fruit grower, and I plead guilty with a clear conscience—not because I *want it all*—but for the following reasons: First, I am dependent on the middleman to dispose of my fruit crop. City people drive to my farm, buy a basket of apples; later, as it is not always convenient to come to the farm, Mrs. City Man buys from her grocer, and mentions in passing that she bought apples cheaper at— naming my farm. Now that particular grocer is selling my fruit, and he immediately and not kindly informs me that I have been underselling him.

The second reason is that the city man stops at the farm when it is convenient for him, and nine times out of ten when it is most inconvenient for me. I speak feelingly, recalling several instances when I have been gotten out of bed late at night to light a lantern, open the storage, and sort out anything from a peck to a bushel of apples. The city worker seldom works after six o'clock, except for extra pay, but the farmer is expected to be always on duty.

Again, people come to the orchard in the rush of picking; some one must stop work to wait upon them, with the consequent loss of valuable time. If they took a barrel or more, there would be no cause for complaint and we would be glad to sell to them at wholesale prices, but it is always a basket, and on rare occasions a bushel.

The farmers' roadside stands in Monmouth and other counties of New Jersey are an entirely different matter; they are prepared for, and expect to do, a retail business.

I boldly declare that I charge full city prices for small quantities, and shall continue to do so, but not because I *want it all.*

JOHN D. NEVIN.

Easton, Pennsylvania.

WANTED—A POET'S LETTERS

MAY I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned.

GRACE GUINEY,
Literary Executor.

10 Holywell, Oxford, England.

A TIN-CAN SAILOR TO AN OLD-TIME TAR

A COPY of The Outlook (June 27, 1923) found its way to the southern parts of Russia, where it was handed to me for comment upon the article "The Death of Communism in Russia." Mr. Hullinger, I believe, has fathomed the situation perfectly. No truer portrayal of the recent conditions in Russia has ever been written.

I could not refrain from touching upon the aforesaid article. Really, however, I am taking the privilege of writing to you to say that I feel I have known Ol' Bill Adams a long time, subsequent to reading his story of the Silberhorn.

It is a pity that a man cannot choose the era in which he is to live. For that reason I am rolling about in a tin-can man-o'-war, whereas I might have layed aloft with Bill Adams. In his day the old-timer viewed with contempt the new square-riggers, and felt a heart leap when he picked up a rig that was out of date. And so the sailors of the Spanish galleons held sacred the thrills of the Venetian galleys which had gone before. That must be the reason why I would dip colors to the square-rigger. Bill Adams's narrative makes me feel like a lubber, although it is no fault of mine that I was born too late. Nevertheless we have many things in common, for all sailors, regardless of the period of ship-building, like to see a lean ship, not a tub; to see her under way, not collecting rats from a dock; to see her lines handled smartly, and to hear the tales of "better ships" on rope-yarn Sunday.

I cruise in a ship of two-thirds the tonnage and half the draught of the Silberhorn, but I see no royals, bulwarks, dolphin striker, or deadeyes, and I hear no flapping when I sail close to the wind.

You may tell Ol' Bill that the flying-fish still romp and sun over the ground-swell, the gulls continue their eternal search for food, gliding and hiding in the troughs of the waves, the barometer still falls as the wind shifts to the right with mare's-tails and mackerel scales, and hell still waits until the sea is on the bow. And it isn't all spray and speed. There are the calm, sultry evenings when the stars make stripes upon the slick waters. How Shellback Bill found his God out here, far from the steeple and the pulpit, is probably explained in a scribble of mine from the doldrums called

THE SPECK

Jellyfish floating helplessly by,
The clime is humid and hot.
The tropical sea is as smooth as death,
Though most of the time it is not.
The glare of it hues with twilight blues
And stars begin to wink;
There's a stray light air to kiss your hair
And make you start to think.

This ship is tiny, after all,
The ocean's merely a pond,
For if I were on that star up there
I could see what lay beyond.
The riddle of space is locked in the box
To which only One has the key.
I try to imagine the size of it all
And the speck in the middle—me!

Two thousand miles to the land all around,
And more to the one that I love.
Six thousand fathoms below to the ground,
And God knows how much above.
We say man's great. That's as far as we think.

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How narrow the most of us be!
The earth, the suns, and the worlds beyond,
And the speck in the middle—me!

Bill was lucky, for when he retired from the world's most lonesome trail he put ashore with a seabag full of faith. And the lads who are now heaving around wish they had hair like rope-yarn, teeth like marlin-spikes, and could spit far, as in the days of iron men and wooden ships—for this is the day of iron ships and wooden men.

R. D. TARBUCK,
Lieut. (jg), U. S. Navy.

Prinkipo, Turkey.

WHEN SHERMAN ROGERS COMES TO TOWN[1]

BY PHIL A. GRAU

A Tribute to The Outlook's Industrial Correspondent

MILWAUKEE is a conservative city. It seldom, if ever, becomes enthusiastic about anybody or anything unless that somebody or that thing is an exception. The very conservatism of the town is an asset. It has never had a boom. It has never had a real panic. It has never had a serious unemployment problem compared with the other large cities of the country. It has grown slowly, steadily, surely, although only eighty-five miles north of Chicago, in seventy-six years to a population of five hundred thousand people. And it is one of the wealthiest cities per capita in the United States. In other words, Milwaukee is solid. It is not prone to "going wild" about new things.

Into this city, on February 1, 1922, came Sherman Rogers. Under Walter C. Carlson, then President of the Association of Commerce, the Safety Division had been developed to such a remarkable degree that other cities in all parts of the country were watching it with breathless interest. A young and energetic man named Charles M. Anderson had been made manager of it and had been told by the president to "put it together and make it go." And make it go he did! During the second year of his direction the Industrial Division found itself with eighteen hundred foremen enrolled in the Foremen's Safety School of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce. "Safety in Industry" was its watchword. And by reaching the foremen with the safety spirit it planted the seed through them into every nook and corner of the plants in which they had charge of men or women.

The foremen themselves quickly took to this innovation. It was the first time in the United States that an Association of Commerce had ever attempted to do anything like this for the working population of a big city. The weekly and monthly meetings, at which lecturers and speakers of National repute appeared, were anxiously looked forward to. A "diploma" or "certificate," showing that its possessor had attended a required number of lectures in this course, was the ambition of every foreman enrolled in the school.

As a wind-up of the year 1921–2 something big had to be done. The best in the country was none too good. But who would it be? Who would not only "deliver" so far as the men were concerned, but who would properly fill the bill from the Milwaukee employers' view-point? The wrong man meant ruin not only to the Safety School, but, in the opinion of many employers, danger to the peaceful relations existing between them and their workers.

Anderson had been brought up in the railroad game. Men who stop to ask too many questions in that line of work never rise from section hand to president of the road. It was up to him—and he said Sherman Rogers!

But who was Rogers in Milwaukee? It was alright for the staid and silk-stockinged Chamber of Commerce of New York to lose its head about him, but in Milwaukee it simply isn't done. What if the "big fellows" in New York did think he was safe? Who were those big fellows, anyway? They lived in New York, in the most provincial city in the country. What did they know about the West, its atmosphere, and its economic climate? Many a gold brick had been unloaded on Wall Street before. Perhaps this was another one. Almost every man connected with the Safety School suddenly seemed to acquire a legal residence in Missouri. Firmly, diplomatically, gracefully, Anderson sold "this man Rogers" to the committee in charge of the final round-up.

Rogers came. He talked. He talked to several hundred employers at noon—and he talked to them with bare knuckles and unadulterated, two-fisted horse sense. Scores of them went to hear him a second time that day, in the evening, when he talked to fifteen hundred foremen who gave Milwaukee's reputation for conservatism such a right to the jaw and left to the heart that it took the count and so far as Rogers is concerned it is still lying on the canvas. The referee never got a chance to announce the victor. Rogers had come as confident as Cæsar. He had seen at a glance the real situation, as he always does. He conquered with that same unerring directness and

[1] Sherman Rogers is out of town, so we are taking the liberty of publishing one of the numerous tributes to his effectiveness as a speaker, which we have received.

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WHEN SHERMAN ROGERS COMES TO TOWN *(Continued)*

finality which makes truly big men great. And the talk of the industrial part of the town for months—nay, for a year and more—was not of "Rogers" now, but of "Sherman Rogers," by many now called "Sherman," even though they had not had the pleasure of an introduction.

He was invited back for the annual meeting of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce on February 7, 1922. He came. Like Babe Ruth, he went to bat with the cheers of the grand-stand, bleachers, and housetops ringing in his ears—and he knocked the ball for four bases in every inning that night. Reports of committees, tellers, and officers had taken up every moment of the meeting until ten thirty-five. But Sherman Rogers held that crowd with his eighteen-inch shells until ten minutes to twelve!

Verbal shrapnel is what he poured into their ranks. Every bit of his strength was thrown into that talk. He met them "brain to brain." He used in a masterful manner every art of the fighting man—excepting gas. He does not use "gas." Fearless, frank, fresh in the vigor of young manhood, sincerity itself, a red-blooded man with a message he knew was right, he battered down one conservative stronghold after another until the few which were left were actually anxious to be taken. And they were. Sherman Rogers alone justified not only himself but the safety division of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce!

A year passed. The annual dinner and "graduating exercises" of the Safety Division's School for Foremen was again in preparation. Who would be the "drawing card"? Sherman Rogers was a foregone conclusion. His coming was announced. And twenty-four hundred foremen and forewomen came to the biggest and most important dinner ever held in the State of Wisconsin, if not in the entire Middle West. The entire main arena of Milwaukee's world-famous auditorium was needed to accommodate the crowd. It was an occasion that made history. And, like all good history, it was made that night by a man big in thought and heart, strong in action, unrelenting in his efforts for right, and undaunted in his fight for a square deal for both employers and workers. It was an evening which will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to be there. It was one of those rarest of occasions which are handed down by tradition as well as by the written word.

Milwaukee is now waiting for the 1924 Safety School for Foremen.

It means Sherman Rogers will talk to Milwaukee again!

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BY THE WAY

THE dressy man will wear five overcoats during the coming season, according to the National Association of Merchant Tailors. Not all at once, of course. The Association's report says: "One requires a lightweight chesterfield and a heavy overcoat, either single or double breasted style, for town wear; one dress overcoat of medium weight for formal evening wear; a double-breasted overcoat of rough material and ample length for cold weather and general day use; and the regulation ulster for extremely cold and rough weather."

Chinese detectives who attended the recent international police conference in New York gave an exhibition of their "gesture" system of secret communication. Two detectives were stationed at opposite ends of a room. Messages were written by Americans on slips of paper. These were then handed to one of the Chinese detectives, and in an instant he had transmitted them to his brother officer in a series of swift signals with hands, eyes, and ears. The proof was shown when the second detective repeated the messages to the amazed Americans.

Chicago, according to the "Journal" of the American Medical Association, has been singularly blessed recently by conventions of all the variegated assortment of peculiar practitioners. Among the conventions enumerated are those of practitioners who treat disease by naturopathy, medico-physical research, physical therapeusis, colored lights, spinal adjustments, autohemic therapy, "electronic reactions," soul science, medico-radio vibrations, and zonotherapy.

The "Fishing Gazette" of London is one of those old-world publications that are distinctly restful in their atmosphere and make-up, seeming to hark back to the old days of comfortable leisure and content, when it was possible to "loafe and invite one's soul" without always thinking about how to escape the hurrying motor car or to catch the suburban train. It lets its contributors ramble on in their fishing correspondence, and doesn't blue-pencil their stories even when they have no direct bearing on fishing. Here is one of these stories taken from an article on salmon fishing in Loch Tay:

> The ruins of a castle about which an interesting story is told stand on a wooded flat near the loch side.
>
> The owner was not popular, and finally six of his neighbors decided to compass his undoing. It was a warm day, and the lord of the castle was splitting timber to keep his muscles in fettle for sterner work when six sturdy beggars appeared and craved a meal. The lord did not

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like their looks, so before answering he drove the wedge an inch or two farther in, making a frowning rent in the good tree, then addressing them he said that he always liked to finish a job before leaving it, but, forsooth, this was a tough proposition. Would they stand three on each side and help him? The sturdy beggars grinned as they took their places, and getting a good grip of the half-split log, put their weight on, calling on the lord to drive the wedge home. He swung his ponderous hammer, but instead of driving the wedge farther in, he knocked it out, and there were his six uninvited guests all securely held fast by their fingers, on which the log had closed. Although they jumped about a good deal, it was a comparatively simple matter to give each one a knock on the head, and they were all buried at the burnside, which finished that day's work, and the lord lived to tell the story of the splitting of the log to his children's children.

The prize-winning "beauties" who bear the name of various cities are discredited by a famous theatrical producer, as reported in the New York "Herald." "I never yet have seen any beauty contest won by a really beautiful woman," he said. "I don't believe the real beauties enter beauty contests. They must be too modest. Photographic beauty contests are even less productive of real beauties. One photographic contest carried on by a New York paper was won by a young woman who turned out to be pock-marked." The explanation of this, of course, is that skillful retouching removed all traces of pockmarks from the negative before the prize-winning print was submitted.

We can't see why the Socialists complain about the tyranny of the capitalist class. Only recently we found this headline in a New York paper:

NEW YORK SOCIETY READY TO GIVE DEBS GLORIFYING SEASON

Frank Silvers and Irving Cohen, two young song writers, will net more than $50,000 in royalties because of a chance remark dropped by a Greek fruit vender. "Got any bananas?" asked Mr. Silvers, as reported by "Popular Finance." The Greek replied in all seriousness, "Yes, we have no bananas to-day," then called off a list of things he had. "Messrs. Silver and Fox were just clever enough to use the idea for a fox trot," adds "Popular Finance." "It is one of those songs that goes over so big at the beginning that it dies from its own popularity; but its hectic life will not be mourned by its authors, who can retire for a while if they are so disposed."

Neither would we mourn if the misuse of the word hectic would die with the famous song.

Front view STYLE 0409 Back view $5.00

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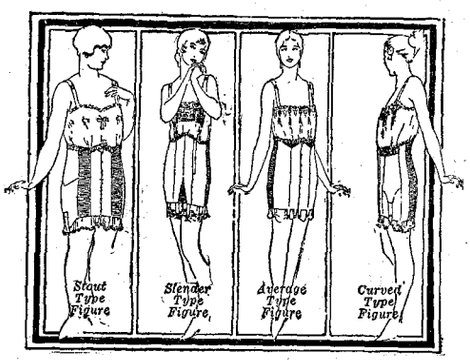
A thoroughly modern corset is this Warner Wrap-around, style 0409, which replaces lacings by 2 panels of unseamed elastic, has elastic gussets in a low top and a slightly raised point to control rebellious flesh at the diaphragm. And, like all Warner Wrap-arounds, beneath your frock, it is INVISIBLE.



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No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—*without warning*—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It *checks* the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be stamped out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious.

Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever.

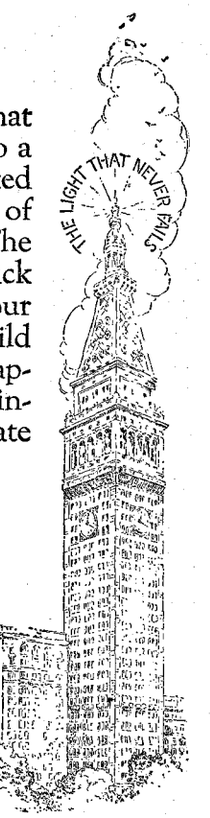
Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

The Schick *Test* does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin *Treatment* does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

If you love them—Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest co-operation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment do not hesitate to give permission.



Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and Its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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